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INAUGURATION OF THE MAUSOLEUM OF THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK, AT POTSDAM.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The "hypodermic blush" is the last new weapon that has been added in the United States to the armoury of the fair sex. The immediate effects are said to be ravishing, and to impart a surpassing beauty. Never were the gentler emotions of the human heart so gracefully displayed, though it is only "colouring matter inserted beneath the skin with the point of a syringe." The after-results are not so satisfactory. The beauty-spot becomes a greenish yellow, and if the experiment is persisted in it bears a permanent scar; but while it lasts the attraction is described as irresistible, and it lasts two hours. This is time enough for almost anything—certainly for a declaration of love. But this is only one—though, it is true, an important one—of the uses to which the hypodermic blush may be applied. The American publisher, when accused of piracy, may affect, herewith, a virtue that he does not feel. And it is just possible that the invention may not be without its conveniences here at home. Some gentlemen blush, as the Scotch gentleman joked, "with difficulty," even when it is most desirable that they should do so. By politicians, who have generally a great deal of "cheek," a rather larger syringe would probably have to be employed. In the case of lawyers, on the contrary, a very slight injection would be sufficient, since it would be easy to overdo it, and thereby suggest the suspicion of artificiality.

The King of Bulgaria has been sending his portrait framed in solid gold (where *did* he get it from?) to the Soldan. The courtiers of that potentate contrived to persuade him that it was a "small insult," and, without the least notion that he was parting with ready money, he sent it back. It is needless to say it arrived without the frame. There is nothing in this Eastern incident remarkable, or contrary to expectation. But as an example it is worth noting. Why should not our friends send us *their* portraits set in solid gold? Nothing, of course, could add to the delight with which even at present we receive them; but this would give them weight. Very rich people are often prevented from giving their fellow creatures handsome presents because (they say) there would be a want of delicacy in so doing; but here is a means of gratifying a generous impulse in an artistic and graceful way. Even a miniature would be a nice little *cadeau* under these circumstances; but, for my part—though some people think it vulgar—I should prefer a large full-length portrait, on a roomy canvas, and in what is called a "florid" frame.

It suits "the sunny disposition of the Japanese," we are told, "to discover as many occasions for rejoicing as possible." If they are unusual occasions, the rejoicing is naturally all the greater. The growth of a set of new teeth in a gentleman of sixty-six is, certainly, an example of this description. The *Hochi Shimbun* (a trustworthy, though not a London, paper) describes such an incident in the case of Mr. Ito Yeizo, whose address is also given—but it is in six syllables and unpronounceable. He lost all his natural teeth at forty, through devotion to sweetmeats, and now he has lost his artificial ones, which have been expelled by the newcomers. A family festival has been arranged in consequence on a scale of great magnificence.

The Chinese, on the contrary, like ourselves, take their pleasures sadly. The editor of the *Lat Pau* (which sounds like an abbreviation, but is not so) was lately congratulated, he tells us (probably by some would-be contributor) on his birthday, and he has set that gentleman down in a didactic essay (a "leader"). "I will accept," he says, "neither your money nor your eatables. Remember that our birthday is the day on which our mothers were put to indescribable inconvenience on our account, and should certainly not be the cause of rejoicing. There are many things which a man can do better than enjoy himself on his birthday. Moreover, such a practice entails a great loss of life among the lower animals. I will therefore not run the risk of incurring the displeasure of Heaven by celebrating my birthday." The *Lat Pau*, it should be added, is not a comic, but an ecclesiastical journal, and resembles, I am told, our *Guardian*.

The fac-simile reproduction of the author's original manuscript of "The Christmas Carol" has an interest which belongs, perhaps, to no other work of the same kind. There is no story that ever took the heart of England by storm as this story did. It was the favourite of the author, and the favourite of his readers. "He wept over it, and laughed, and wept again," he tells us. It was the delight of the old critic, Jeffrey. "You should be happy yourself," he writes to Dickens, "for you may be sure you have done more good by this little publication, fostered more kindly feelings, prompted more positive acts of beneficence, than can be traced to all the pulpits and confessionals in Christendom." It was the delight of Dickens's own contemporary and brother story-teller, Thackeray. On hearing two women, who neither knew each other nor the author, exclaim, by way of criticism, on the "Carol": "God bless him!" he exclaims: "What feeling is this for a writer to inspire, and what a reward to reap! . . . Who can listen to objections [and yet one has heard them] to such a book as this? It seems to me a national benefit." The exact words, as Dickens wrote them, with the very alterations he made in them, is a literary possession to be prized. Curiously enough, though written doubtless out of a flowing heart, if ever book was so written, it was not with a flowing pen. Or rather he was less satisfied with the first expression of his thoughts than is the case with any of his earlier books. His obliterations, as his custom was, are done not with merely cross lines, but with "loop lines," so that the original writing cannot often be easily deciphered. Where they are thickest is where they might naturally be expected to be—in the accounts of the flights of the Spirit, where the highest effort of the

imagination was required. Also where the emotions are most deeply concerned, as in the prophecy (happily unfulfilled) of the death of Tiny Tim. I only notice one peculiarity in spelling. He spells skate in the old-fashioned manner, skait.

What became of the printed copy of "The Carol" given by Dickens to Thackeray, "in recollection of his having once made him very happy a long way from home," and purchased by the Queen, is not known. It has unaccountably disappeared from the Royal library. But it is not likely that the original manuscripts of works of genius will meet with this fate. They are worth too much money, and, indeed, that of "The Carol" itself fetched three hundred pounds. But how such things used to disappear may be read in the pages of Disraeli the elder. In consequence of the scarcity of parchment, ignorance and bigotry seized on works that would have been immortal, "and converted them into the psalms of a breviary or the prayers of a missal." It is, however, an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the British schoolboy, at least, has some reason for congratulation. It was a good time for sermons, too, since we learn that one book of homilies was bought by a Countess of Anjou for two hundred sheep, several marten skins, and many bushels of wheat and of rye. He must be a very popular preacher indeed who could nowadays realise that price for his discourse. The most precious manuscripts—or, more often, only portions of them, were discovered in most unexpected places. A page of the second decade of Livy was found by a man of letters on the parchment of a battledore with which he was playing on a wet day in a country house. He came up post haste to the battledore-maker, but he had finished the last of his "Livy lot" the week before. Cicero's treatise on Glory has disappeared in its entirety, but a few extracts, thanks to their Ciceronic style, and great superiority to his own productions, were discovered in the works of Aleyonius, and it is supposed that that gentleman destroyed it for obvious reasons. Macchiavelli made the same use of a lost work of Plutarch. Perhaps the most curious discovery was that of "Magna Charta" (with its seals and signatures complete) used in slips by a tailor for measuring purposes, but placed eventually in the Cottonian Library.

If manuscripts have been lost, a good many have been found which never had any existence. Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela made some most judicious extracts from the library of the first and second Temples, which he discovered (along with the tomb of Ezekiel) on the river Euphrates. Wesselius and other learned Germans journeyed on purpose to the locality indicated to examine these treasures, which the ingenious Hebrew (who was himself no traveller) had invented out of his own head. Everyone has heard of Psalmanazar, who not only created an island out of his own consciousness, but its history, language, and grammar. A less-known though quite as humorous a literary fraud of another kind was that of Sir John Hill, who undertook for fifty guineas to translate Swammerdam's work on insects. "After he had made the agreement, he remembered that he did not understand Dutch"; and, unhappily, there was no French translation. However, he bargained with another translator to do it for twenty-five guineas. This gentleman knew no more of Dutch than Sir John, but got it done by another man, who did know, for twelve guineas. All this came right at last; but one cannot say that, in those days at least, publishers ran no risks.

As there is no bounds to the generosity of the selfish man when he is unselfish, so there is no man who, when he goes astray from the paths of wisdom, does it so completely as the philosopher. When he gets into what ought to be "a fret," at most, it is a tornado of passion. One of these gentlemen, so very exclusive in his opinions that he belongs to a cult which, at the last religious census, I believe, numbered thirty persons—fifteen of whom have since broken away from it and set up an opposition establishment—has been denouncing the novels of the time, of which he probably knows as much as I do of his cult. He is a Positivist, and a thorough one, to judge by the epithets he uses, for he seems destitute of any sense of comparison. These are a few of the flowers of fancy with which he decks the altar of modern fiction: "Flat and poor; abnormal and unwholesome; lurid and extravagant; morbid, dull, commonplace, and (unsavoury metaphor) a sewage outfall." This is the sort of rubbish that has been shot on novelists by more philosophic but less popular writers in all ages, and has a very "ancient and fish-like smell." A host bored to extremity by an account of what a young gentleman, bound for India, was telling him of the reforms he had in contemplation in that Empire, once remarked, "This may be all very interesting to the natives, but I don't care one d—n about it;" and, however this satirist's views may be received by his fourteen co-religionists, it is probable the public will indorse that sentiment. This language, however—which probably comes of reading "the Hundred Books," and not fiction—is, to say the least of it, needlessly offensive. It is a common misfortune with persons who plume themselves on knowing everything, to show that they are mistaken whenever they happen to talk of the few things that we know; but surely a philosopher can be wrong without being spiteful. Mr. Walter Besant, in the *Author* (for October), has taken this naughty boy across his knee and slapped him, and I hope he will not offend again, for when he talks about things within his own province—for a philosopher, unlike a prophet, *has* honour in his own country—he has great merits.

Mr. Besant has done good service in printing a neat little obituary notice of the various amateur authors' associations which, having been established (*vide* advt.) for the public good, and with little thought of profit, have flourished, and faded, and fallen within the last few years. Even had their object been such as they described it to be, that of offering a channel of publication to the rejected author, and not the means of fleecing him, it would have been mischievous. There can be no refuge for the destitute of brains in publicity. One of

these establishments seems, however, to have had an employé with a sense of humour. His baits, if not very natural, were attractive, and calculated to catch the fish who rise to fancy flies. "We are willing to produce your work shortly at the publishing price" (generally twice the cost of production) "at half profits, and meet all demand for sale through the trade up to ten thousand copies." This is really charming. Most of these societies have vanished with the money sent to them, and also with the manuscripts. To a certain limited extent, this is complimentary; for it looks as if the manuscripts were worth something, which was contrary to the experience of their proprietors.

A New York journal has summarised very intelligently what scientific experts (not very intelligently) have said about criminal characteristics. Like the writers upon Beauty, with a large B, they lay great stress upon features that are too insignificant or out of the way to excite the notice of the superficial observer. The ear, for example, little as it holds, is full of character. Taking the position of the ape's ear at a hundred degrees, that of honest people is at ninety, and that of rogues below it. Ninety degrees is very warm, so that when the ears burn it may not, as the old saw runs, be because somebody is talking of us, but because we are indulging in some exceptionally virtuous sentiment. On the other hand, science has to confess that "the Australians" (meaning, let us hope, the natives), "who are the lowest in the human race, have very well-placed ears." "To watch the ear when a question is being asked is an index of the mind." The face may be destitute of a blush, but the tip of the ear glows. In this delicate diagnosis, one supposes the severity of the weather must be taken into account. People with large teeth have, we are told, a tendency to crime, but then we are not informed whether, when they have lost their teeth, they become reformed and respectable. Some dependence is to be placed on wrinkles, "watchfulness and distrust having a fixed tendency to furrow the forehead." This judgment will be "a wrinkle," in the sense of a novel piece of information, to most of us; for thoughtful persons are supposed to have corrugated brows. "Cursed be the gold," sings the poet, "which gilds the straightened forehead of the fool." Curiously enough, we are told, there is very little inference to be drawn from noses, though in connection with the thumb and the four fingers stretched out, it has been supposed to indicate at least impertinence. There is nothing of much consequence to be deduced from the legs, though they may be the cause of crime. When Wainwright was asked why he had murdered Helen Abercrombie, he replied (with a frivolity rare in literary persons), "Upon my soul, I don't know, except that she had such thick legs." The worst of these scientific indications, of course, is that, if much trust is placed in them, we are apt to see robbers and murderers in clubs, in drawing-rooms, and even at home, which causes a ceaseless apprehension.

As to the moral features of the criminal community, the experts stand on safer ground, and have some interesting traits to relate. Though criminals have small sense of religion, they are often devoted to its forms. The most superstitious city in Europe, Naples, has the highest average of murders. A wretch of sixty, whose life had been steeped in crime, was much scandalised at the conversation of his fellow-prisoners. "However, I do not imitate them, and morning and evening I say my prayers." They are often unconsciously and grimly humorous. A parricide talking with a jail doctor about matters relating to health, observed, "Take my father, for example. He was never ill up to the day of his death." This seems to bear out the theory of Gall (though at first sight it rather suggests his name) that, "if criminals have remorse, it is that they have not committed more crimes, or have let themselves be caught."

THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR FREDERICK.

On Thursday, Oct. 16, the last ceremonial act of the Royal Court of Prussia, consequent on the death of the lamented Emperor Frederick, husband of the English Princess Royal, was performed at Potsdam. The coffins of the Emperor Frederick and of his two sons, Prince Waldemar and Prince Sigismund, were transferred, with fitting solemnities, from their former resting-place in the sacristy of the Friedenskirche to the mausoleum adjoining that church, within the park of the Royal Palace. The mausoleum is built in the Byzantine style, and is surmounted with a lofty dome, on the summit of which stands a gilded cross. It is partly surrounded by plane-trees, with a piece of water. In the interior of the mausoleum the light is subdued. The dark pillars of Siena marble are surmounted by Romanesque arches, supporting a balustrade of dark stone. From these arches the light falls through narrow circular windows, the glass of which is stained rich crimson, yellow, and blue. These windows are surmounted by a carved stone monogram of the letters "F. and V." The larger windows above are tinted a pale green, with a border of pale blue, interspersed at regular intervals with clusters of gemmed flowers. From these a brighter light illumines the upper part of the interior, as well as the dome with its mosaic of Venetian glass, terminating in a smaller cupola of stained glass. A marble sarcophagus by Professor Begas, with a recumbent figure of the Emperor Frederick, will be placed on the floor over the vault. The Empress Frederick has taken a constant personal interest in the erection of the mausoleum, and much of its plan is due to her own desires or suggestions.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Mr. H. Tudor Boddam, of the Oxford Circuit, as Recorder of Newcastle-under-Lyme. Mr. Boddam was called to the Bar in 1872, and joined the Oxford Circuit. He has been a revising barrister since 1879.

The annual calendar of the Royal College of Surgeons of England has been published by the council of the college. It contains the names of 1152 fellows of the college (773 of whom obtained the distinction by examination). If to these are added the 17,345 members, there is a total of 18,497 qualified medical men, some of them practising in foreign States. The licentiates in dental surgery number 703. Holders of the diploma of public health (granted by the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons) number forty-five.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Chambers reassembled on Oct. 20. The sitting of the Senate lasted only a quarter of an hour, and was a mere matter of form; but in the Chamber of Deputies there was plenty of work, as several Bills were to go through the first reading, and some interpellations had to be heard. The Minister of Commerce introduced his Customs Tariff Bill, which provides a separate tariff applicable in the case of Powers who concede no commercial advantages to the Republic.—The centenary of Lamartine has been celebrated at Macon, the town of his birth.

A slight shock of earthquake was felt at Lisbon on Oct. 17. Mount Etna has been in eruption, a thick column of volcanic vapours rising from the central cone. A slight shock of earthquake has been felt on the eastern side of the mountain at Giarre and its vicinity, where a shower of cinders has also fallen.

Queen Christina, with her mother, the Archduchess Isabella of Hapsburg, the little King, his sisters, and the Court, left San Sebastian to return to Madrid on Oct. 20. All the members of the Royal household have been re-vaccinated, as a precaution, on account of the smallpox epidemic which is still raging in Madrid.

On Oct. 15 the German Emperor went to the Castle of Plauen for the purpose of honouring with his presence the marriage of Countess Alice von Königsmark to Baron von Bissing, the commanding officer of the Regiment of Gardes du Corps.—On the 18th the mausoleum erected at Potsdam as a sort of family vault by the Empress Frederick was consecrated in the presence of all the Imperial family. An illustration and description of the ceremony are given on another page.—Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with Princesses Victoria and Louise, arrived in Berlin, on the morning of the 15th, on a visit to the Empress Frederick. In the course of the morning Prince Christian paid visits to the members of the Royal family, as well as to General Von Caprivi and several of the other Ministers of State. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught visited the Empress Frederick on Sunday morning, the 19th, and subsequently attended the English service in St. George's Chapel at Monbijou.—The Emperor William and the Duke of Connaught were present on the 21st at the regimental dinner of the Hussars of the Body Guard, in Potsdam.—Great preparations are being made in Berlin for the celebration of the ninetieth birthday of Field-Marshal Von Moltke, which falls on Sunday, the 26th. The Emperor has charged Count Waldersee to accompany the aged veteran from Kriesau to the capital.—Count Rascon, Spanish Ambassador at the Court of Berlin, presented his letters of recall to the Emperor on the 17th.—The official Report of this year's harvest in Prussia is comparatively good.

The King and Queen of Denmark, with the Crown Prince and Crown Princess, paid a visit on Oct. 16 to the American man-of-war Baltimore, Captain Schley, lying in Copenhagen outer roads. The Royal party breakfasted on board the cruiser.

A report has been submitted to the Council of the Russian Empire by the Imperial Comptroller upon the accounts for the year 1889, which states that the total revenue exceeded the expenditure by 47,843,000 roubles. The ordinary revenue exceeded the estimates by 61,572,000 roubles, and the extraordinary by 53,520,000 roubles.—On Oct. 18 another new ironclad, named the Hangout, was launched with the usual ceremony from the Admiralty yard on the Neva, in the presence of the Czar and the Imperial family.

The Comte de Paris was entertained at a dinner in New York on Oct. 20 by the Army of the Potomac.—Great excitement prevails in New Orleans owing to the murder of Mr. David Hennessy, the Chief of Police, by Italians belonging to a secret society, and some arrests have been made.—The expedition for the exploration of Mount Elias, Alaska, which entered upon its work last spring, has returned. It found a magnificent range of snow-clad mountains rising from the bay. Colossal glaciers descending to the sea were discovered, and amid the desert of ice was found an oasis where flowers, ferns, and spruces flourished.—Leland Hotel, at Syracuse, the largest hotel in the city, has been destroyed by fire, and some lives have been lost. The scenes which occurred were most harrowing.

A tornado swept the country eighty-five miles west of Wilmington, North Carolina, on Oct. 16. Its course was south-east to north-west, and its track 200 yards wide. All the dwellings, mills, barns, and forests in its path were completely destroyed.

The festivities which have taken place at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in honour of Prince George of Wales and Lord Stanley of Preston, the Governor-General, were concluded on Oct. 16 with a ball, given by the naval officers. One thousand guests were present, and everything passed off with great success.—The death is announced, from Halifax, N.S., of the Hon. Thomas D. Archibald, member of the Dominion Senate.

The Marquis of Bute has intimated that he will have pleasure in accepting the Mayoralty of Cardiff for the ensuing year.

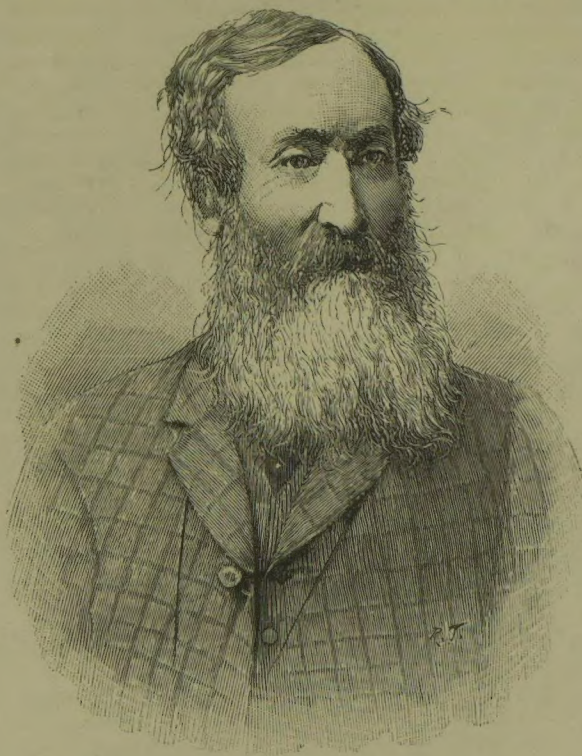
The twenty-first annual chrysanthemum show held in the Inner Temple Gardens was opened on Oct. 20 under the supervision of Mr. J. Newton, the head gardener at the Temple. The collection comprises over eight hundred plants, and forms a very attractive display of many-coloured blossoms. Many new varieties are on view, thirteen of which have only recently been acquired.

We regret the death, on Oct. 20, of Sir Richard Francis Burton, K.C.M.G., British Consul at Trieste, more famous as the "Captain Burton" who first explored Central East Africa, with Captain Speke, discovering Lake Tanganyika, and whose travels and studies in Arabia, Africa, North and South America, fill many clever and learned but entertaining books. A Portrait of this remarkable man, with a few illustrations of his career, will appear in our next.

During excavations in connection with the construction of a new station on the Metropolitan Railway at Wembley Park, an interesting find was made by Mr. Corder, the engineer. At about twelve feet below the surface of the ground fossil remains of the hippopotamus were discovered, embedded in clay, lying immediately beneath a thin stratum of clayey gravel. The remains included portions of the jaws, with several large teeth in perfect preservation. An entire tusk, about fifteen inches in length, stood out boldly in the clay, but this, directly an attempt was made to extract it, broke and crumbled into fragments. A piece of the extremity, about four inches in length, however, was obtained in perfect preservation. The site of the excavations, and the bones which have been found, have been seen by Messrs. Newton and Woodward, of her Majesty's Geological Survey, who observe "that although the bones are for the most part in a decayed condition, yet some are sufficiently well preserved for identification. Among them are teeth, tusks, and bones of the hippopotamus, the elephant, and limb bones of a large ox."

THE LATE MR. R. A. MORRITT, OF ROKEBY.

Although "Rokeby" was never the most popular of Sir Walter Scott's narrative poems, many of its readers, as well as many tourists in the north of England, retain a lively idea of the picturesque scenery around that mansion, which Scott

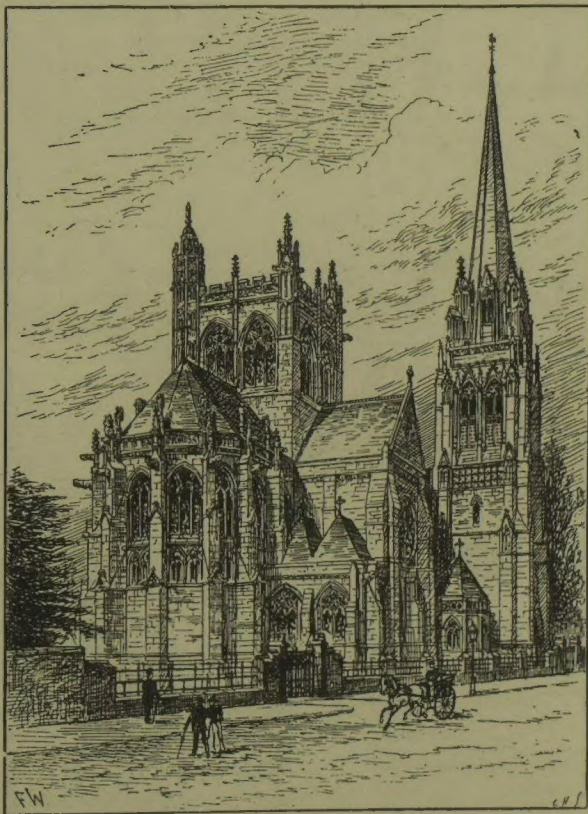


THE LATE MR. R. A. MORRITH, OF ROKEBY.

visited in 1809, and again in 1812, as the guest of its then owner. The late Mr. Robert Ambrose Morrith, nephew to that gentleman, who died on Oct. 20—a sad event rendered still more afflicting to the family by the death, next day, of his younger son, a little boy of eight years—was born in 1816, son of the Rev. Robert Morrith, and succeeded to the Rokeby estate in 1874, on the death of his elder brother, Mr. W. J. S. Morrith, a noted sportsman, some time M.P. for the North Riding of Yorkshire. His uncle, Mr. John Morrith, the friend of Scott, was a classical scholar and antiquary, who early travelled in Greece, and published a dissertation on the site of Troy.

NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AT CAMBRIDGE.

By the munificence of Mrs. Lyne-Stephens of Lynford Hall, Norfolk, a beautiful Roman Catholic church has been erected at Cambridge. This edifice is situate at the Hyde-park corner of Hills-road, the main thoroughfare from the railway station, and with its lofty spire of 215 ft. is a prominent object. The cost of the structure (£70,000) has been entirely borne by Mrs. Lyne-Stephens. The Duke of Norfolk gave £3000 towards the purchase of the site. The church is called the Church of Our Lady and the English Martyrs, and will ordinarily accommodate about three hundred persons. There is a magnificent baldachino over the high altar, and beautiful carving meets the eye at every turn both inside and outside the building. The stained-glass windows have been provided by Messrs. Hardman and Powell and Westlake and Co., the organ by Messrs. Abbott and Smith, of Leeds. The architects were Messrs. Dunn and Hansom, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the builders Messrs. Rattee and Kett, Cambridge. At the opening ceremony, on Oct. 15, pontifical high mass was conducted by Dr. Riddell, Bishop of Northampton, assisted by other prelates and clergy. The sermon was preached by Bishop Hedley (Order of St. Benedict), of Newport and Menevia. The musical portion of the service was rendered by the choir from the



THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AT CAMBRIDGE.

Brompton Oratory. Among the clergy present were the Roman Catholic Bishops of Birmingham, Clifton, Emmaus, Liverpool, Middlesbrough, Northampton, Nottingham, Portsmouth, Shrewsbury, and Southwark. The laity included the Duke of Norfolk, Lady Margaret Howard, the Earl and Countess of Denbigh, Lord F. G. Osborne, Lady Herbert of Lea, Baron and Baroness A. von Hügel, Sir Edward and Lady Blount, and Mrs. Lyne-Stephens.

THE COURT.

Among the places recently visited by the Queen are Birkhall, to which her Majesty drove on Oct. 15 to visit the Duchess of Albany, and the Glassalt Shiel, to which her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice, went on the 16th, returning to Balmoral next day. Viscount Cross and the Hon. Mrs. H. C. Legge have had the honour of dining at the Royal table. The Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg left the castle for the south on the 16th. The Queen and Princess Beatrice were present at Divine service at the parish church of Crathie on Sunday morning, the 19th, when the Communion was dispensed; the Rev. A. Campbell officiated. In the afternoon her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice, went to Abergeldie Mains and honoured Lady Biddulph with a visit.—On the 20th Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, arrived at the castle, attended by Miss Bauer and Major Bigge, who had met her Royal Highness at Aberdeen. Prince Henry of Battenberg, attended by Colonel J. Clerk, returned from Cluny. Viscount Cross had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Lord Shand and Sir Charles Lennox Peel arrived at the castle, and were included in the Royal dinner party. The Queen held a Council at Balmoral on the 21st, when the necessary proclamations were signed proroguing Parliament till Nov. 25.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Vienna on Oct. 18 from his visit to Baron Hirsch at St. Johann. His Royal Highness shortly afterwards received Count Deym, Austrian Ambassador in London. On the 19th the Prince, wearing the uniform of his Austrian Hussar Regiment, paid a visit to the Emperor, which his Majesty shortly afterwards returned. His Royal Highness then called upon the Archdukes Charles Louis, Albert, and William. During the afternoon the Prince forwarded to the Emperor the portrait of himself in his Austrian Hussar uniform, painted by M. Angeli. A grand banquet was given at Schönbrunn in the evening in the Prince's honour. On the 20th the Prince drove to the Central Station of the Vienna Ambulance Society, which he inspected throughout. An imaginary case was arranged to show his Royal Highness the working of the institution by the medical students. The Prince left Vienna by the Orient express on the afternoon of the 21st, and arrived at Paris in the evening, alighting at the Hôtel Bristol.—The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, left Marlborough House on the 16th for Sandringham, where they will reside until the return of the Prince of Wales. The Princess, accompanied by the Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Princesses Victoria and Maud, and attended by Miss Knollys and Lieutenant-General Sir Dighton Probyn, was present at Divine service at the Church of St. Peter and Paul, West Newton, on Sunday morning, the 19th, having driven from Sandringham House. The Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, M.A., Rector of Sandringham and West Newton, Chaplain to the Queen and Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, officiated, and preached the sermon.—The Duke of Clarence and Avondale arrived at Marlborough House on the 17th from Scotland, going next day to Sandringham.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The thirty-third season of the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall opened on Oct. 20 with the first evening concert of the series. The recurrence of this event has always a great and special interest for the London public, the performances being distinguished alike for the general excellence of the artists engaged and of most of the music rendered. The immortal works of the great masters of the past—their string quartets and quintets, pianoforte sonatas, and other instrumental compositions—are here interpreted in a way that is worthy of the music; and vocal pieces are interspersed therewith by singers of more or less renown. The occasional introduction of new works by composers of the day is a laudable concession to the desire of many subscribers to become acquainted with the productions of the present period. If this be not carried to excess, no reasonable objection can be made to it. With past experience, however, as to the comparatively few instances in which such productions have justified their place in a Popular Concert programme, it is to be hoped that such experiments will be of exceptional occurrence. The opening concert of the new season had a special interest in the reappearance of Madame Néruda and Sir Charles Hallé, after their recent return from their successful concert engagement in Australia. Each of these distinguished artists was enthusiastically welcomed by a crowded audience. The lady led, with her well-known excellence, the first of the Rasoumowski quartets of Beethoven, and her name was associated with that of Sir Charles Hallé in some of Ernst and Heller's "Pensées Fugitives" for violin and pianoforte, and with those of the same gentleman and Signor Piatti in Brahms's pianoforte trio in C minor. Sir Charles Hallé's solo was Beethoven's sonata, op. 81, entitled "Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour," one of the few works to which the master himself gave a distinctive title. The sonata was rendered with admirable care and finish. Vocal solos were contributed by Mr. B. Davies, Signor Romili having been the accompanist.

Mr. George Grossmith gave one of his humorous and musical recitals at St. James's Hall on Oct. 20. His programme included two new sketches, respectively entitled "On Tour, or Piano and I" and "What's the world a-coming to?" In these, and in some clever imitations, Mr. Grossmith displayed those mimetic and musical talents which used to be so successfully manifested in the Gilbert and Sullivan comic operas, and have recently found equal favour with concert-room audiences.

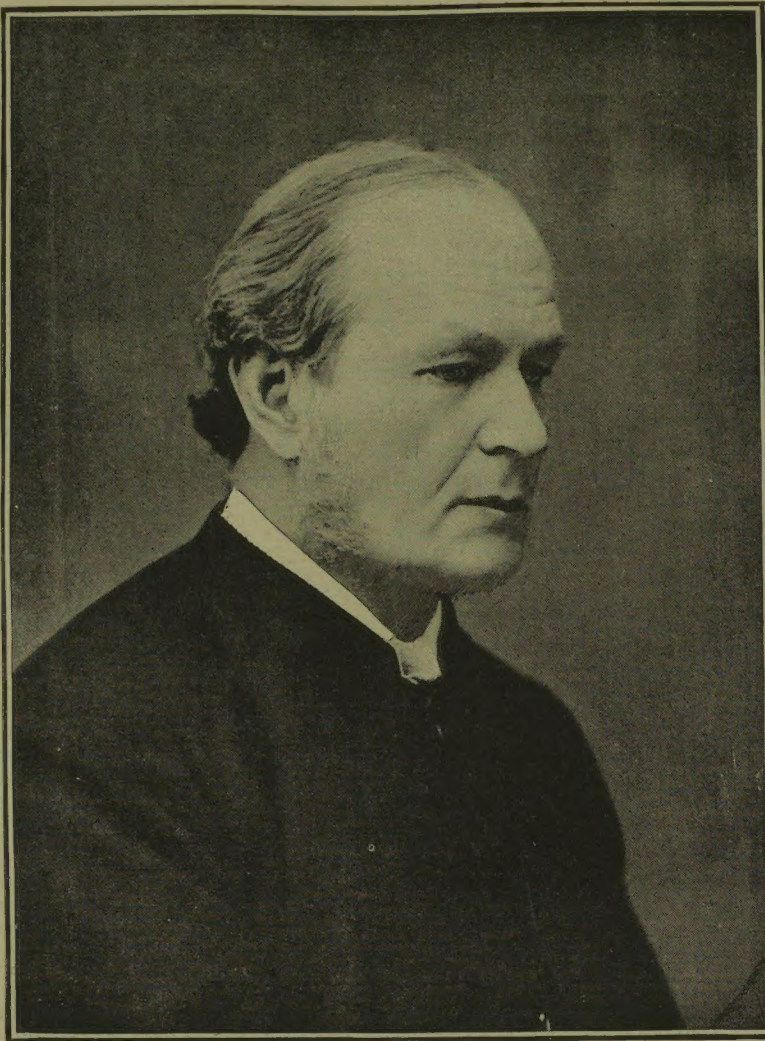
The marriage of Mr. Richard Shaw of Meyrick House, West Bromwich, Staffordshire, with Lady Mary Katherine Nelson, youngest daughter of Lord Nelson, took place at St. Thomas's Church, Regent-street, on Oct. 21. Lord Nelson gave his daughter away.

Our recent illustration of the burning of the Alhambra at Granada, in Spain, was from one of several sketches with which we were favoured by Mr. Henry Stanier, the British Consul at Granada, to whom we have been indebted for sketches and letters on former occasions. Some details in the account of the fire, taken by us from the reports in the daily newspapers, were slightly incorrect, as it appears by comparing them with Mr. Stanier's information.

Mr. Gladstone made the first of a series of Midlothian speeches at Edinburgh on Oct. 21, the Earl of Rosebery presiding over a large and enthusiastic meeting. The right hon. gentleman reviewed the course of public opinion on the Irish question since the General Election of 1886, contending that the Government had falsified every one of the pledges by which they at that time secured a Parliamentary majority. In the evening Mr. Gladstone attended Madame Adeline Patti's concert in the Music-Hall, which was crowded. The right hon. gentleman arrived about a quarter of an hour after the concert had begun, and he was received with loud cheers and some hisses.

CANON AND ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

The Chaplaincy of the House of Commons, vacated by the recent death of the Rev. Henry White, has been conferred by the Speaker on the Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, the Ven. and Rev. Frederick William Farrar, D.D., Archdeacon of Westminster, Canon of Westminster Abbey, Rural Dean, and one of the Queen's Chaplains. Dr. Farrar is well known as the author of several very popular and successful books, as a preacher and theological writer of broad Liberal views, and as a zealous advocate of social reforms, including the restriction of the sale of intoxicating drink; he has also written and lectured on the improvement of higher public school teaching, and on subjects of philological research. He was born in 1831, at Bombay, son of the late Rev. C. R. Farrar, afterwards Rector of Sidcup, in Kent; he was educated at King William's College, Isle of Man; at King's College, London; and at Trinity College, Cambridge; gaining a classical exhibition and scholarship of London University, a scholarship and fellowship of Trinity College, and high Cambridge University honours, being fourth in the first class of the Classical Tripos in 1854, and Junior Optime in mathematics; also winning the Chancellor's Prize for English verse, the Le Bas Classical Prize, and the Norrisian Prize. In 1854 he was ordained deacon, and priest in 1857. He was for some years an assistant master of Harrow School, under the Rev. Dr. C. J. Vaughan, afterwards Master of the Temple and Dean of Llandaff, and his successor, the Rev. Dr. H. M. Butler, afterwards Master of Trinity. Dr. Farrar subsequently, from January 1871 to April 1876, was Head Master of Marlborough College. He was a Select Preacher to the University of Cambridge in 1868, and Hulsean Lecturer in 1870; became a Canon of Westminster, and Rector of St. Margaret's, in 1876, having been appointed one of the Queen's Chaplains some years before, and was appointed to the Archdeaconry at a later date. His earlier literary productions were two or three stories, "Eric, or Little by Little," "Julian Home," and "St. Winifred's," designed to illustrate the moral and religious training of boys at public schools; treatises of Greek grammar, and philological treatises called "The Origin of Language" and "Families of Speech," revised and connected in the edition of 1878, besides volumes of sermons, "The Fall of Man," "The Silence and the Voices of God," and "The Witness of History to Christ," being the Hulsean Lectures of 1870. In 1869 he wrote, for the "Sunday Library," a series of biographical sketches, called "Seekers after God," displaying a strong talent for religious biography, which induced Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, when they projected a book on "The Life of Christ," to invite Dr. Farrar to undertake the task. He did so, personally visiting Palestine; and the book, coming out in 1874, obtained great popularity, twelve editions being sold in the first twelvemonth. It was followed by the "Life of St. Paul," and by the Lives of several other Apostles, under the title "The Early Days of Christianity," written for the same publishers. These are works in which the materials of



CANON AND ARCHDEACON FARRAR.
THE NEW CHAPLAIN TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

accessory information with regard to the condition of Judea and the Eastern provinces of the Roman Empire, in the first century of the Christian era, are skilfully collected and applied; the style also is graphic and vivid, though occasionally faulty by rhetorical overstraining for effect; but they fail, especially in the first and most important case, to present a clear and consistent portraiture of character; and it is probably impossible to construct a complete historical narrative from the scanty materials of recorded facts in the "Four Gospels." Archdeacon Farrar did his best in one way, as

Dr. Edersheim did in another, and their works contain much instruction—the "Life of St. Paul," differing by the addition of some references to Jewish Rabbinical lore and customs from the standard work of Conybeare and Howson, is the most useful of the series; but the reader goes back to his New Testament as the only source of acquaintance with the personality of Christ, and with the three or four great Apostles. This is, perhaps, the most desirable result of Archdeacon Farrar's most celebrated tasks of authorship. As a theologian, he has made his mark by earnest arguments and citations of ancient authority; in two volumes of lectures, "Eternal Hope" and "Mercy and Judgment," against the belief in an eternal existence of lost souls in a state of punishment. Many other writings of his, contributions to the "Dictionary of the Bible," the "Biblical Cyclopædia," the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and the leading reviews, prove his great literary industry and the versatility of his mind. He has frequently lectured on various topics at the Royal Institution, at the British Association of Science, at Sion College, and at the Church Congresses. His recent speech, at the Hull Church Congress, on the grasping spirit of trade, has provoked a reply from the publishers of his own books.

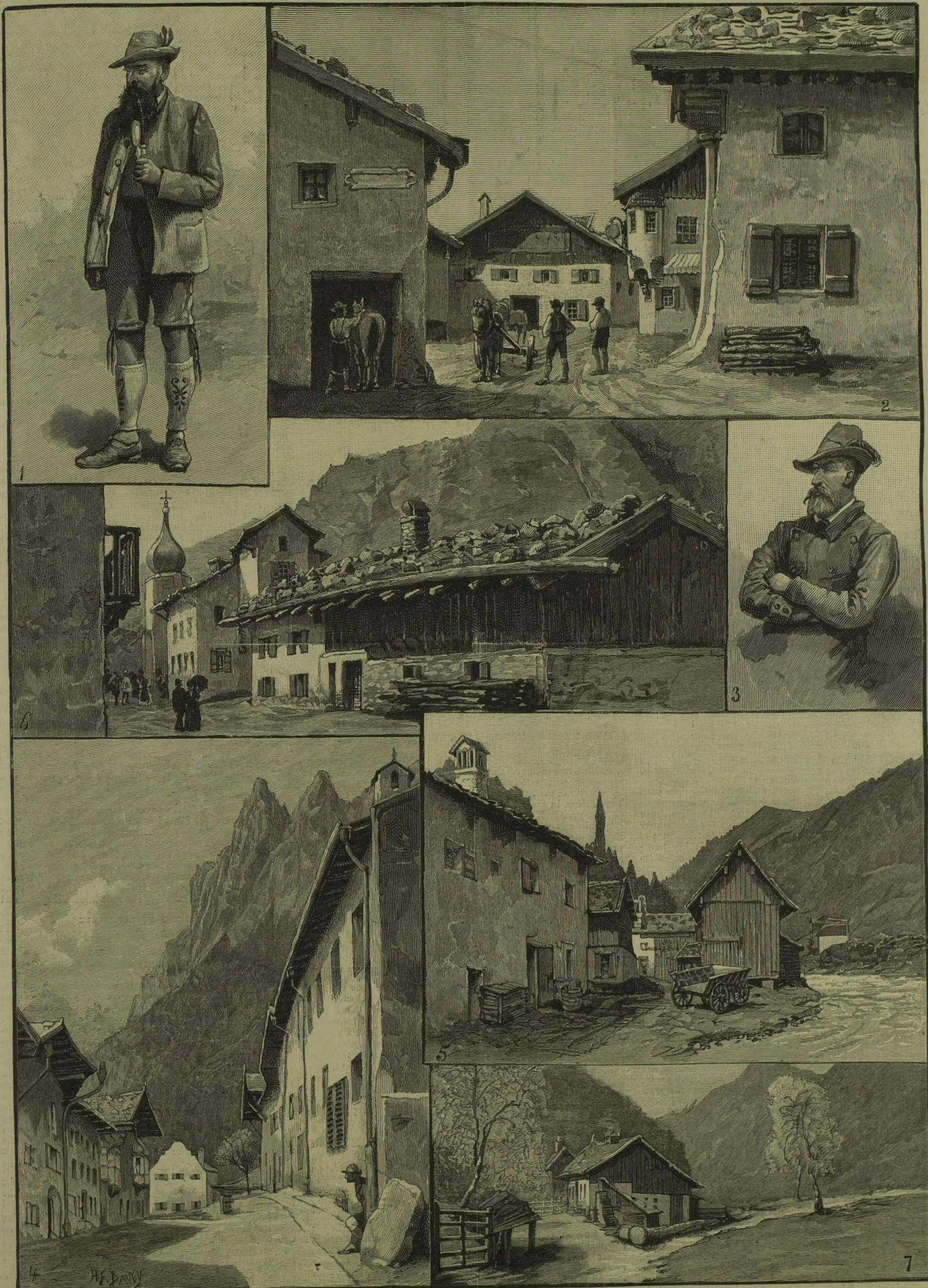
BOARD-SCHOOL CHILDREN EXERCISING.

There was an interesting spectacle at the Royal Albert Hall, on Oct. 14, at the annual competition in drill and physical exercises by children belonging to the public elementary schools of London. The first performance was military drill by boys for the challenge banner, presented in 1876 by the Society of Arts; the second was physical exercises, by boys of London Board schools for a banner presented by Mr. G. White; and the third was physical exercises, by girls attending Board schools, for a banner, presented in 1887 by Mr. J. T. Helby. The competitions were very interesting, the performances of the little girls being watched by the large audience with the closest attention, and loudly applauded. Colonel Onslow announced that the Bellenden-road, Peckham, School, which previously held the trophy, had won the banner for the military drill competition; the physical exercises competition for boys had resulted in the banner being awarded to the Scawfell-street, Hackney-road, School; and the girls belonging to the Montem-road School, Tollington-park, had won Mr. Helby's banner. The performances were interspersed with a musical programme, and at the conclusion addresses were delivered by Mr. Diggle, Mr. George White, Colonel Prendergast, Colonel Onslow, Mr. Whiteley, and Mr. Roston Bourke. The banners were presented by Mrs. Alderman Savory, wife of the Lord Mayor-Elect.

The Duchess of Edinburgh completed her thirty-seventh year on Oct. 17. This was also the seventy-first birthday of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who is married to Princess Augusta of Cambridge, sister of the Duke of Cambridge and the Duchess of Teck.



LONDON SCHOOL-BOARD CHILDREN EXERCISING IN THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.



1. Jäger.

2. Entrance to the Village.

3. Sebastian Zwick.

4. The Mittenwald.

5. Ober-Ammergau from the Bridge.

6. and 7. Views of Ober-Ammergau.

SKETCHES AT OBER-AMMERGAU BY LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

SKETCHES AT OBER-AMMERGAU.

The performances of the celebrated "Passion Play," by the village company of religious theatrical artists in a sequestered rustic place among the Bavarian highlands, were concluded several weeks ago: they will not be repeated until after the lapse of ten years. Nothing has been left unwritten, in the numerous books, magazine articles, and newspaper reports that have been published, concerning this strangely designed but ably managed performance—strange, at least, to the mental habits and sentiments of Protestant nations in the nineteenth century, though similar spectacles were familiar to popular audiences in all Catholic countries in mediæval times. But Ober-Ammergau and its inhabitants will be remembered with interest by thousands of visitors this year, and may probably attract some tourists every summer in future. Lord Archibald Campbell has favoured us with a few Sketches of the place and one or two figures, notably that of Sebastian Zwick, an actor in the "Passion Play."

"TO LET."

In the memorable words "Hic jacet" there is a finality and completeness to which the mere formula at the head of this column cannot hope to attain. There is a quiet dignity about the simple epitaph which is the prerogative of prince and peasant alike. No earthly power can prevent the steady hand of Time from carving it without fear or favour upon the tombstone of rich and poor. But the words "To Let" are only dignified when tempered with sorrow, when they are employed in places and at seasons which arouse in those who see them a feeling of mournful sadness. At other times they merely excite a certain feeling of commercial curiosity or æsthetic loathing.

They are, in the first place, the natural outcome of supply and demand. If A has a commodity which he wishes to dispose of, he endeavours to find the nearest market for it. B, who, on the other hand, is anxious to obtain what A has ceased to care for, is also on the look-out for the handiest market. The one paints the words across the face of his commodity; the other, as he passes by, sees it, and a bargain is struck. The words are a mere business formula, and indispensable to the commercial life of the country. Their talismanic force enables the poor vicar to take his wife and family for a holiday, and to enjoy the dubious benefits of the seaside. They afford to gentle but scarcely wealthy spinsters the opportunity of living comfortably in a house in the salubrious neighbourhood of Ascot for fifty weeks out of the fifty-two. But they have another significance. To realise this fully, and truly to grasp the import of these simple words, a man should see them painted in poignant clearness upon their accustomed board, and placed in the garden of the house which has been his home ever since he has had the power of remembering; where he himself has been born, where his father died, from which his only sister was married, and to which later still, in the fulness of time and the pride of early manhood, he brought his own bride.

It is nothing to us that the jerry builder uses the sign to dispose of his own tottering fabrics and neat little instabilities. It is nothing to us that we can never pass through a street without seeing the words reproachfully looking down upon us from a gloomy first-floor front. The utmost interest we can bestow upon them is to notice whether the house is to go to the highest bidder in a furnished or an unfurnished state. But it is another matter when we revisit the great hall where only a year ago the rich and genial proprietor was dispensing his hospitality with kind and lavish hand. When we see that the grass is growing in the once well-kept walks, and that the trim garden has become a straggling though still beautiful wilderness, we moralise upon fallen greatness, and turn away with a sigh. The grapes in the houses are gone, because they have a marketable value, and can be exchanged for cash. The shooting is let, because there are brewers and rich manufacturers in the great city twenty miles away; but the house, with its mullioned windows and stone facings, with its oak panelling, books, and pictures, is lonely and miserable, because it is To Let.

Still, there is nothing of actual sadness in the fact of a great house remaining temporarily tenantless because those who are entitled to it are not rich enough to be millionaires: we only feel a regret for the past, and wish for the former owner to return again and once more set in motion the machinery of hospitality, and welcome back to his home those who loved it, but who now will never more recross its threshold.

There are worse cases than this. It may be that the mistress of the house is sitting in the verandah on an early summer evening, watching her boys playing cricket in the field beyond the river, or listening to the chatter of her youngest girl, as she dresses, undresses, and redresses the doll which her father had given her only the day before yesterday as a birthday present; or, if it is later in the evening, she may be listening to the thrush in the top of the great holly that reformers would cut down because it obscures the view, but which she loves because it is the concert-room of her favourite musician; the river murmurs lazily over the little stone weir at the bottom of the garden, and the scent of the roses hangs heavily in the air.

She cannot help recalling the day when her husband brought her home there, and how beautiful, how heaven-like the place seemed to her. Often and often as she sees the happiness of her children in the holidays, as she feels her own happiness in watching them, the thought comes across her that it is all too good, too beautiful, and it must pass away, for she has done nothing to deserve it. And as her sons grew up, she confided her misgivings to them, and they understood her inward communings, for they had felt as she did. But to-night she has a feeling of sorrow which she cannot shake off; for, when a sorrow is brought home to man, it often comes when the face of Nature wears her brightest, happiest smile. And the evening was very beautiful.

It was the old story. Speculating outside his regular business, plunging beyond his proper depth—and the husband was ruined, the family broken up, and the old home was "To Let"! To lose a fortune is nothing. Many men do it once—some several times in a lifetime; but to lose a home is a serious matter, for it is a loss which is wellnigh irreparable.

When a house has been the home of several generations of children, those children are not whole and perfect entities in themselves; they must be taken, as it were, with the house that nurtured them. The house, the gardens, the river, and the woods have entered into their souls and become part of them. To take away their home is to uproot them when it is too late to transplant them safely into other soils. It is true that, when they marry and have what they are pleased to call homes of their own, they appear to thrive well enough, and do not repine unduly at their separation from the old home. But the old home is still there, and they change their climate,

not their mind, when they leave it. They carry its traditions to their new home, and their own character has been formed and crystallised in the old one. All they have got to do is to let their children regard their home in the same spirit as their parents did theirs. The custom of primogeniture and entail in many families keeps the old place in the same hands generation after generation; but the father who has made a home for his children in the true sense of the word has entailed it upon the whole of his family inalienably, and no law, fate, fortune, or power should be strong enough to wrest it from him. He is a trustee for them, and he has undertaken the greatest and solemnest of trusts, and he is guilty of the gravest breach of that trust if ever he allows the world to know that that home is—To Let.

T. T. G.

ST. EDMUND'S CHURCH, CHRISTIANIA.

Most English travellers to Norway who spend a Sunday in Christiania are familiar with the pretty little church situated about five minutes' walk from the centre of the city. This church, the only Anglican church in the country, was opened about six years ago, mainly through the efforts of Mr. Michell, the British Consul. It was not consecrated until Monday, Sept. 29, the debt on the building having at last been paid off, thanks chiefly to the efforts of Mr. H. J. Atkinson, M.P. The ceremony, which was performed by the Right Rev. T. E. Wilkinson, D.D., Bishop-Coadjutor of North and Central Europe, was impressive and interesting. Besides the Minister for the Church and Education and the Governor of the Province, who represented the civil authorities, there were present also in their robes the Norwegian Bishop and Dean of Christiania, who joined in the procession and occupied stalls in the chancel. The church, which is Gothic in its architecture, is dedicated to St. Edmund, the young martyr King of East Anglia, in commemoration of the fact that the



THE ENGLISH CHURCH AT CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY.

first Christian edifice in the south of Norway was erected A.D. 1147, in honour of the Holy Virgin and St. Edmund, on Hovedøen, an island just outside the harbour of Christiania, by Cistercian monks from the Abbey of Kirkstead, in Lincoln. The Bishop, in a most interesting address, dealt with the story of the young King Edmund's life. After the service, his Lordship was entertained at luncheon by the members of the British community and congregation, eighty of whom were present. On the following day the Bishop held a confirmation at which five boys and two girls were confirmed.

THE CATHEDRAL OF SIENA.

The fire which broke out, on Oct. 17, in the exterior gallery and leaden roof of the cupola, which was undergoing repairs, has not essentially damaged this famous edifice, the architectural glory of one of the most interesting of ancient Italian cities. Siena, in Tuscany, the political rival of Florence in the thirteenth century, never attained to equal wealth and luxury, but has its grand Palazzo Pubblico, called "Il Mangia," adorned with fresco paintings, and its Duomo, left unfinished on account of the scarcity of workmen and money after the plague that visited this city. The west front, the dome, the transept, and the campanile tower—the last being of alternate slips or stripes of black and yellow marble—are the parts completed. They are designed in a mixture of the Gothic and Roman styles; but the richness of the materials, various coloured marbles, and the abundance of sculptured decorations, make up for the lack of unity in the outlines of the building. It is satisfactory to learn that no injury has been done to the sculptures and frescoes in the interior, and that the cupola can be repaired.

The Queen has appointed Mr. Henry Charles Heath, of Pall-mall East, Miniature-Painter to her Majesty.

The twenty-second National Cat Show was opened, on Oct. 21, at the Crystal Palace, and was very largely attended.

The London City Mission has received £1000 from Mr. F. A. Bevan, to be repeated annually for the next four years, in memory of his father.

On the occasion of the Bishop of Chester's visitation in his cathedral, on Oct. 21, the Duke of Westminster presented a pastoral staff subscribed for by the clergy and laity of the diocese. The Bishop, in accepting it, declared his intention of using it, as well as a mitre which had been presented by an anonymous friend.

According to the Registrar-General's return, the deaths registered in London during the week ending Oct. 18 were 1741, exceeding by 110 the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. There was a great increase in the deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs, the total being 340, as against 197 in the previous week.

THE NEW BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

The Right Rev. Anthony Wilson Thorold, D.D., Bishop of Rochester, who is about to be translated to the See of Winchester, was born June 13, 1825, second son of the Rev. Edward Thorold, Rector of Hougham-with-Marston, Lincolnshire, and grandson of Sir John Thorold, ninth Baronet, of Marston and of Syston Park, near Grantham, belonging to one of the most ancient Saxon families in England, whose ancestors were Sheriffs before the Norman Conquest; the Baronetcy was created in 1642. He was educated at Queen's College, Oxford, where he gained mathematical honours in 1847, took his M.A. degree in 1850, and, being ordained, was successively, from 1855 to 1857, Curate of Trinity Church, Marylebone; from 1857 to 1868, Rector of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, Bloomsbury; from 1868 to 1869, Minister of Curzon Chapel, Mayfair; and from 1869 to 1877, Vicar of St. Pancras, Euston-square, being also, from 1874, a Residential Canon of York Minster, and for some time Examining Chaplain to the Archbishop of York. The London parish clergy have, in all ages, been some of the best of the English Church; but none in our day have more entirely won the affectionate esteem and confidence of their congregations than Canon Thorold did in the great parish of St. Pancras; his style as a preacher—grave, correct, and simple—was very impressive, with a refined tenderness and an expression of heart-felt conviction, singularly winning to most listeners. He was no platform-speaker or declaimer, but was assiduous in superintending, with much tact and judgment, the missions, schools, and charities of the parish. Usually wearing the black gown in the pulpit, and teaching a Liberal Evangelical doctrine, he avoided all controversy with those inclined to High sacerdotalism; and when, in 1887, he became Bishop of Rochester, impartially protected more than one clergyman of South London whose legal freedom in matters of ritual had been rudely assailed. Bishop Thorold's administration of that diocese has signally earned the approval of just men of all parties among the clergy; and he has been successful in his efforts to raise funds for building new churches in the populous south-eastern suburbs of the Metropolis, included within his episcopal charge. He is the author of two small volumes—"The Presence of Christ" and "The Gospel of Christ"—excellent treatises of practical faith and devotion; also of "Married Life," and some reminiscences of a tour in Palestine. The Bishop is a widower, his second wife, a daughter of the late Mr. John Labouchere, having died in 1877.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, 246, Regent-street.

THE LATE PROFESSOR SELLAR.

Dr. William Young Sellar, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh, the accomplished author of "Roman Poets of the Augustan Age" and "Roman Poets of the Republic," died at his residence, Kenbank, near Dalry, on Oct. 12. He was son of the late Mr. Patrick Sellar, of Morvich, in Sutherlandshire, and brother of the late Mr. Alexander Craig Sellar, M.P. He was born in 1825, and educated at the Edinburgh Academy and at the University of Glasgow, from which he passed to Balliol College, Oxford. He held first a Snell Exhibition and subsequently a scholarship; took a first class in Literæ Humaniores, and became a Fellow of Oriel. For some time he served as assistant Professor at Durham, Glasgow, and St. Andrews, and was chosen Professor of Greek in the last-named University. In 1863 he was transferred to the Chair of Humanity at Edinburgh.

THE LATE M. SAINTON.

This eminent violinist died on Oct. 17. Prosper Philippe Catherine Sainton was born at Toulouse in 1813. He became early distinguished as a skilful solo performer. His career from 1844 was chiefly in this country, where he became eminent, not only as a brilliant soloist, but also as a leader of orchestral and quartet performances, likewise as a conductor. On the establishment of the Royal Italian Opera at Covent-Garden, he was made leader of the orchestra. This post he held until 1871, when he accompanied Sir Michael Costa to the rival house, where he remained till 1880. At different times he has been leader of the Sacred Harmonic Society and the Philharmonic Band, leader of the Birmingham Festivals, conductor of the State Band, and Violin Solo to the Queen. His works comprise two concertos for the violin with orchestra, a solo de concert, a rondo mazurka, three romances, various airs, and numerous fantasias on operas. In 1860 M. Sainton married Miss Dolby, the well-known English contralto singer.

THE POTATO DISEASE IN IRELAND.

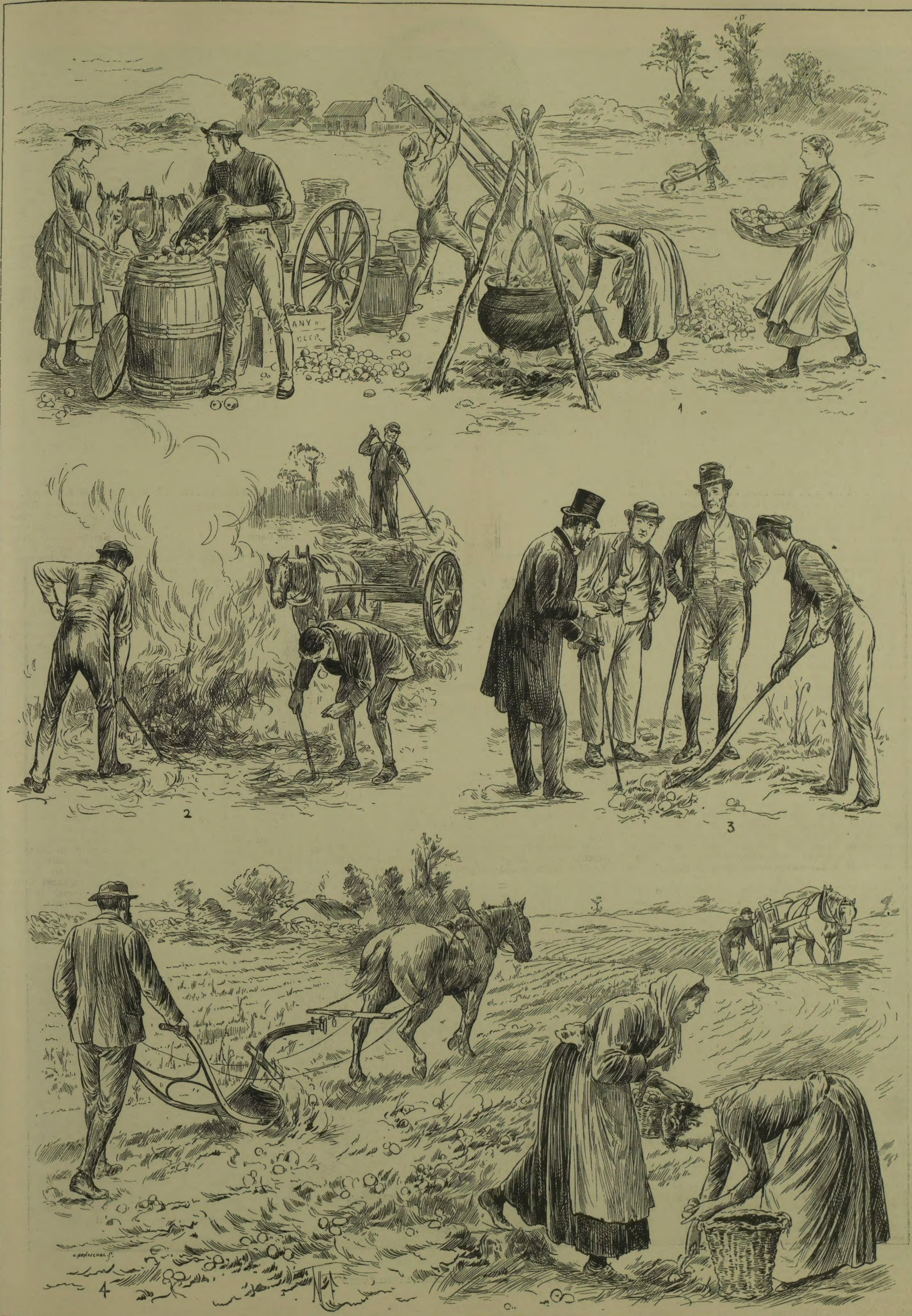
There is good cause to hope and believe that the diseased condition of the potatoes, consequent on wet autumn weather this year, is confined to certain north-western districts of Mayo, Donegal, and Galway, where it may occasion local distress. The Government relief measures, including grants of food and of seed potatoes, are accompanied by the publication of a few simple agricultural instructions, which have been put in practice in some places by official order, to serve as an example. All diseased tubers, old sets, decayed and decaying stems, are removed from the ground and burnt in heaps; the potatoes which are only partly diseased are boiled, and while hot are packed in barrels, or in other large vessels, rammed down tight and covered with earth to exclude the air; they will keep as food for pigs. The sound potatoes are to be kept dry, in small quantities together, carefully separated from the soil in which the bad potatoes have grown. Seed of a different variety should be chosen for the new planting, which should be done, in dry land, early in February, or even in January, while low lands and bog should be laid in ridges to drain and become dry.

Our Portrait of the late Professor W. Y. Sellar is from a photograph by Mr. Lafayette, of Dublin; and that of the late M. Sainton, by Walery, Regent-street.

The Queen has honoured Signor Lago by subscribing for the Royal box during the Royal Italian Opera season at Covent-Garden.

The Rev. Richard George Glasebrook, M.A., Head Master of the Manchester Grammar School, has been appointed Head Master of Clifton College, in succession to the Rev. J. M. Wilson.

Mr. J. S. Dugdale, Q.C., M.P., Recorder of Birmingham, was married to Miss Alice Carleton, third daughter of General Henry Alexander Carleton, C.B., at Honington, on Oct. 21. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Worcester, assisted by the Rev. E. H. Boddington, Vicar of Honington. The bride was given away by her father.



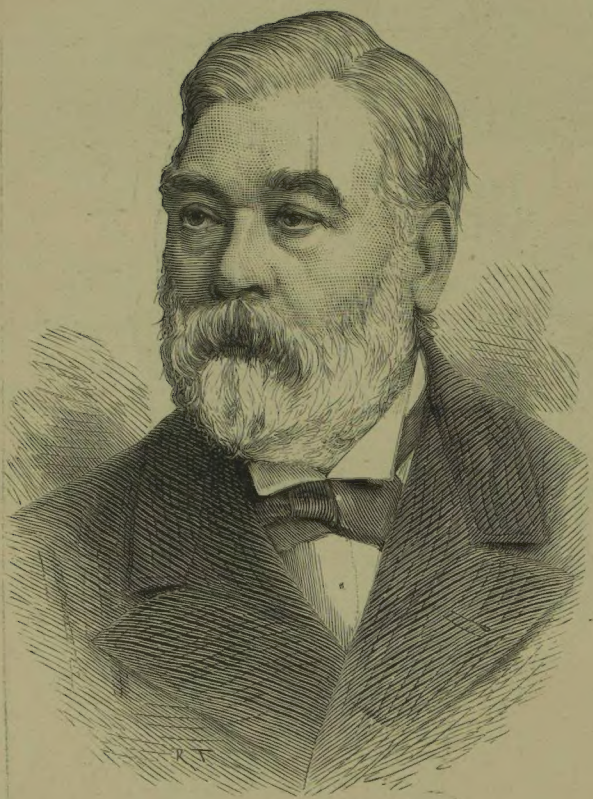
1. Boiling and Packing Partially Diseased Tubers.

2. Burning Stalks.

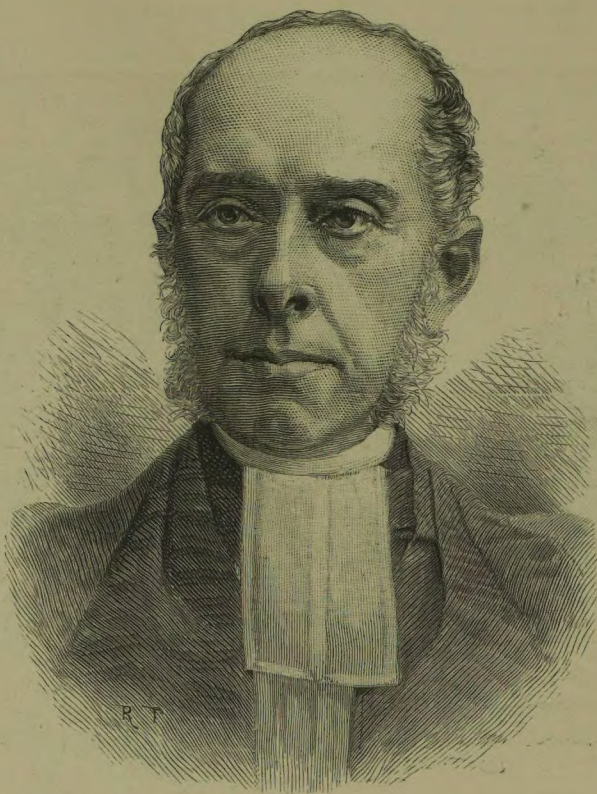
3. Poor Law Inspection: Investigating Potato Blight.

4. Ploughing out Potatoes.

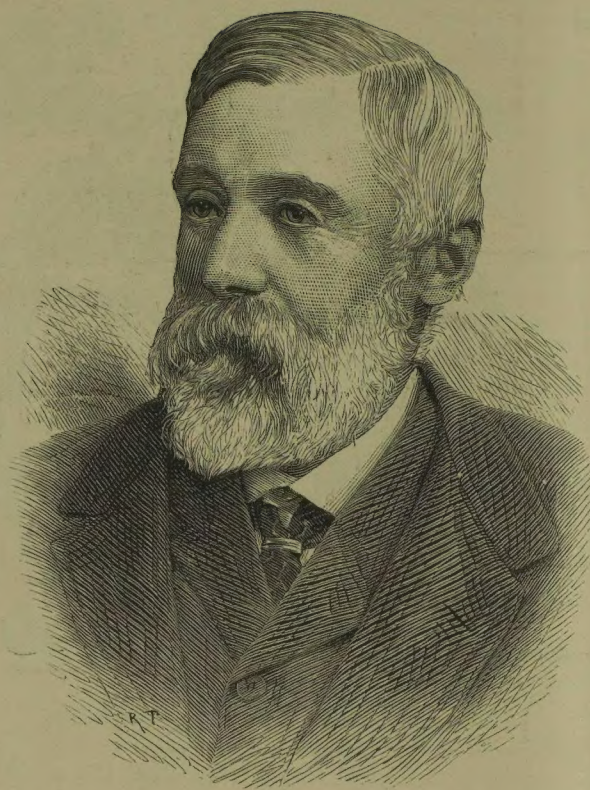
MEASURES TO CHECK THE POTATO DISEASE IN IRELAND.



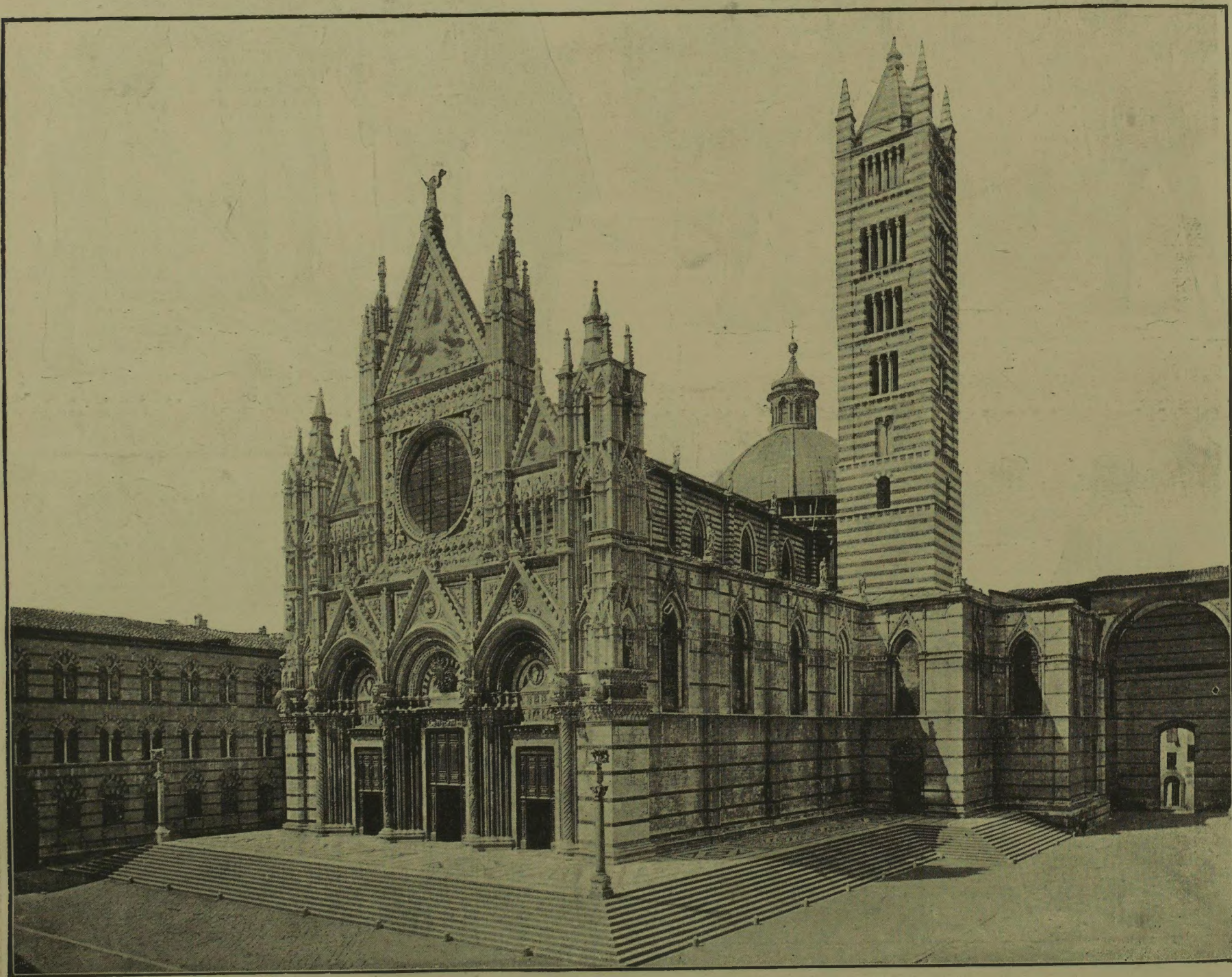
THE LATE M. SAINTON, VIOLINIST.



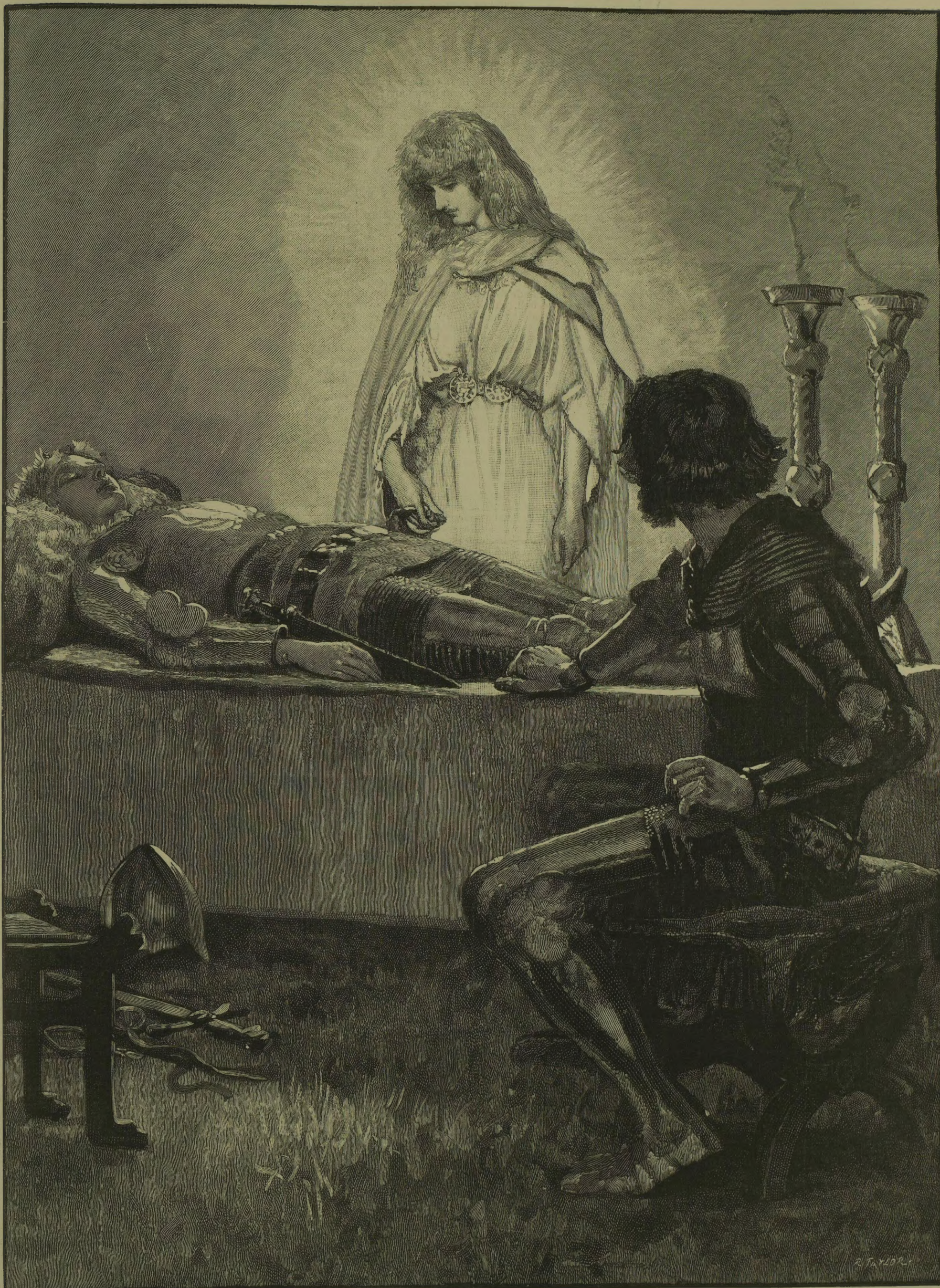
THE RIGHT REV. A. W. THOROLD, D.D.,
BISHOP-DESIGNATE OF WINCHESTER.



THE LATE PROFESSOR W. YOUNG SELLAR, LL.D.



THE CATHEDRAL OF SIENA, ITALY, RECENTLY DAMAGED BY FIRE.



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

There, calm, refulgent, looking gently in the dead girl's face, was Blodwen—Blodwen, the British Chieftainess—my thousand-years dead wife.

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHOENICIAN."—SEE PAGE 401.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHENICIAN.

RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

CHAPTER XVI. (Continued).

I had had enough of France with that night, and three hours afterwards went straight to the King and told him so, begging him to relieve me from my duty and let me get back to England, there to seek the dead maid's kindred, and find in some new direction forgetfulness of everything about the victorious camp. And to this the King replied, by commending my poor service far too highly, saying some fair kind things out of his smooth courtier tongue about her that was no more, and in good part upbraiding me for bringing, as he supposed I had brought, one so gentle-nurtured so far afield; then he said, "In faith, good soldier, were to-day but yesterday, and Philip's array still before us, we would not spare you even though our sympathy were yours as fully as 'tis now. But my misguided cousin is away to Paris, and his following are scattered to the four winds—for which God and all the saints be thanked! There is thus less need for thy strong arm and brave presence in our camp, and if you really would—why then, go, and may kind time heal those wounds which, believe me, I do most thoroughly assess."

I bent and kissed the kindly monarch's hand, and made my thanks, then turned.

"But stay a minute!" he cried after me. "How soon could you make a start?"

"I have no gear," I said, "and all my prisoners have been set free unransomed. I could start here, even as I stand."

"Soldierly answered," exclaimed the King: "a good knight should have no baggage but his weapons, and no attachments but his duty. Now look! I can both relieve you of irksome charges here and excuse with reason both ample and honourable your going. Come to me as soon as you have put by your armour. I will have ready for you a scrip sealed and signed—no messenger has yet gone over to England with the news of our glorious yesterday, and this charge shall be thine. Take the scrip straight to the Queen in England. There, no thanks, away! away! thou wilt be the most popular man in all my realm before the sun goes down, I fear."

I well knew how honourable was this business that the good King had planned for me, and made my utmost dispatch. I gave my tent to one esquire and my spare armour to another. I ran and gripped the many bronzed hands of my tough companions, and told them (alas! unwittingly what a lie that were!) that I would come again; then I bestowed my charger (Jove! how reluctant was the gift!) upon the next in rank below me, and mounted Isobel's light war-horse, and paid my debts, and settled all accounts, and was back at our great captain's tent just as his chaplain was sanding the last lines upon that dispatch which was to startle yonder fair country waiting so expectant across the narrow sea.

They rolled it up in silk and leather and put it in a metal cylinder, and shut the lid and sealed it with the King's own seal, and then he gave it to me.

"Take this," he said, "straight to the Queen, and give it into her own hands. Be close and silent, for you will know it were not meet to be robbed of thy news upon the road: but I need not tell you of what becomes a trusty messenger. There! so, strap it in thy girdle, and God speed thee—surely such big news was never packed so small before."

I left the Royal tent and vaulted into the ready saddle without. One hour, I thought, as the swift steed's head was turned to the westward, may take me to the shore, and two others may set me on foot in England. Then, if they have relays upon the road, three more will see me kneeling at the lady's feet, the while her fingers burst these seals. Lord! how they shall shout this afternoon! how the 'prentices shall toss their caps, and the fat burghers crowd the narrow streets, and every rustic hamlet green ring to the sky with gratitude! Ah! six hours I thought might do the journey; but read, and you shall see how long it took.

Scouring over the low grassy plains as hard as the good horse could gallop, with the grey sea broadening out ahead with every mile we went, full of thoughts of a busy past and uncertain future, I hardly noticed how the wind was freshening. Yet, when we rode down at last by a loose hill road to the beach, strong gusts were piping amid the treetops, and the King's galleys were lurching and rolling together at their anchors by the landing-stage as the short waves came crowding in, one close upon another, under the first pressure of a coming storm.

But, wind or no wind, I would cross; and I spoke to the captain of the galleys, showing him my pass with its Royal signet, and saying I must have a ship at once, though all the cave of Eblis were let loose upon us. That worthy, weather-beaten fellow held the mandate most respectfully in one hand, while he pulled his grizzled beard with the other and stared out into the north, where, under a black canopy of lowering sky, the sea was scamed with grey and hurrying squalls, then turned to the cluster of sailors who were crowded round us—guessing my imperious errand—to know who would start upon it. And those rough salts swore no man of sanity would venture out—not even for a King's generous bounty—not even to please victorious Edward would they go—no, nor to ease the expectant hearts of twenty thousand wives, or glad the proud eyes of ten score hundred mothers. It was impossible, they said—see how the frothy spray was flying already over the harbour bar, and how shrill the frightened sea-mews were rising high above the land!—no ship would hold together in such a wind as that brewing out over there, no man this side of hell could face it—and yet, and yet, "Why!" laughed a leathery fellow, slapping his mighty fist into his other palm, "as I was born by Sareham, and knew the taste of salt spray near as early as I knew my mother's milk, it shall never be said I was frightened by a hollow sky and a Frenchman's wind. I'll be your pilot, Sir."

"And I will go wherever old Harry dares," put in a stout young fellow. "And I." "And I." "And I," was chorused on every side, as the brave English seamen caught the bold infection, and in a brief space there, under the lee of the grey harbour jetty, before a motley cheering crowd, all in the blustering wind and rain, I rode my palfrey up the sloping way, and on to the impatient tossing little barque that was to bear the great news to England.

We stabled the good steed safe under the half-deck forward, set the mizzen and cast off the hawser, and soon the little vessel's prow was bursting through the crisp waves at the harbour mouth, her head for home, and behind, dim through the rainy gusts, the white house-fronts of the beach village, and far away the uplands where the English army lay. We reefed and set the sails as we drew from the land, but truly those fellows were right when they hung back from sharing the peril and the glory with me! The strong blue waters of the midland sea whereon I first sailed my merchant barque were like the ripples of a sheltered pond to the roaring trench and furrows of this narrow northern strait. All day long we

fought to westward, and every hour we spent the wind came stronger and more keenly out of the black funnel of the north, and the waves swelled broader and more monstrous. By noon we saw the English shore gleam ghostly white through the flying reek in front; but by then, so fierce was the north-easter howling, that, though we went to windward and off again, doing all that good seamen could, now stealing a spell ahead, and anon losing it amid a blinding squall, we could not near the English port for which we aimed, there, in the cleft of the dim white cliffs.

After a long time of this, our captain came to me where I leant, watchful, against the mast, and said—

"The King has made an order, as you will know, all vessels from France are to sail for his town of Dover there, and nowhere else, on pain of a fine that would go near to swamp such as we."

"Good skipper," I answered, "I know the law, but there are exceptions to every rule, which, well taken, only cast the more honour on general stringency. King Edward would have you make that port at all reasonable times; but if you cannot reach it, as you surely cannot now, you are not bound to sail me, his messenger, to Paradise in lieu thereof. I pray you, put down your helm and run, and take the nearest harbour the wind will let us." At this the captain turned upon his heel well pleased, and our ship came round, and now, before the gale, sailed perhaps a little easier.

But it scarcely bettered our fortune. A short time before dusk, while we wallowed heavily in the long furrows, my poor palfrey was thrown and broke her fore legs over her tressle bar, and between fear and pain screamed so loud and shrill, it chilled even my stalwart sailors. Then, later on, as we rode the frothy summit of a giant wave, our topmast snapped, and fell among us, and the wild loose ropes writhed and lashed about worse than a hundred biting serpents, and the bellowing sail, like a great bull, jerked and strained for a moment so that I thought that it would unstep the mast itself, and then went all to tatters with a hollow boom, while we, knee-deep in the swirling sea that filled our hollow, deckless ship, gentle and simple, 'prentice and knight, whipped out our knives and gave over to the hungry ocean all that riven tackle.

It was enough to make the stoutest heart beat low to ride in such a creaking, retching cockle-shell over the hill and dale of that stupendous water. Now, out of the tumble and hiss, down we would go, careering down the glassy side of a mighty green slope, the creamy white water boiling under our low-sunk bows, and there, in mid-hollow, with the tempest howling overhead, we would have for a breathing space a blessed spell of seeming calm. And then, ere we could taste that scant felicity, the reeling floor would swell beneath us, and out of the watery glen, hurled by some unseen power, we rose again up, up to the spume and spray, to the wild shouting wind that thrilled our humming cordage and lay heavy upon us, while the gleaming turmoil through which we staggered and rushed leapt at our fleeting sides like packs of white sea-wolves, and all the heaving leaden distance of the storm lay spread in turn before us—then down again.

Hour after hour we reeled down the English coast with the wild mid-channel in fury on our left and the dim-seen ramparts of breakers at the cliff feet on our right. Then, as we went, the light began to fail us. Our weather-beaten steersman's face, which had looked from his place by the tiller so calm and steadfast over the war of wind and sea, became troubled, and long and anxiously he scanned the endless line of surf that shut us from the many little villages and creeks we were passing.

"You see, Sir Knight," shouted the captain to me, as, wet through, we held fast to the same rope—" 'tis a question with us whether we find a shelter before the light goes down, or whether we spend a night like this out on the big waters yonder."

"And does he," I asked, "who pilots us know of a near harbour?"

"Ah! there is one somewhere hereabout, but with a perilous bar across the mouth, and the tide serves but poorly for getting over. If we can cross it there is a dry jacket and supper for all this evening; and if we do not, may the saints in Paradise have mercy on us!"

"Try, good fellow, try!" I shouted; "many a dangerous thing comes easier by the venturing, and I am already a laggard post!" So the word was passed for each man to stand by his place, and through the gloom and storm, the beating spray and the wild pelting rain, just as the wet evening fell, we neared the land.

We swept in from the storm, and soon there was the bar plain enough—a shining thunderous crescent—glimmering pallid under the shadow of the land, a frantic hell of foam and breakers that heaved and broke and surged with an infernal storm-deriding tumult, and tossed the fierce white fountains of its rage mast-high into the air, and swirled and shone and crashed in the gloom, sending the white litter of its turmoil in broad ghostly sheets far into that black still water we could make out beyond under the veil of spume and foam hanging above that boiling cauldron. Straight to it we went through the cold, fierce wind, with the howl of the black night behind us, and the thunder of that shine before. We came to the bar, and I saw the white light on the strained brave faces of my silent friends. I looked aft, and there was the helmsman calm and strong, unflinchingly eyeing the infernal belt before us. I saw all this in a scanty second, and then the white hell was under our bows and towering high above our stern a mighty crested, foam-seamed breaker. With the speed of a javelin thrown by a strong hand, we rushed into the wrack; one blinding moment of fury and turmoil, and then I felt the vessel stagger as she touched the sand; the next instant her sides went all to splinters under my very feet, and the great wave burst over us and rushed thundering on in conscious strength, and not two planks of that ill-fated ship, it seemed, were still together.

Over and over through the swirl and hum I was swept, the dying cries of my ship-fares sounding in my ears like the wail of disembodied spirits—now, for a moment, I was high in the spume and ruck, gasping and striking out as even he who likes his life the least will gasp in like case, and then, with thunderous power, the big wave hurled me down into the depth, down, down, into the inky darkness with all the noises of Inferno in my ears, and the great churning waters pressing on me till the honest air seemed leagues above, and my strained, bursting chest was dying for a gasp. Then again, the hideous, playful waters would tear asunder and toss me high into the keen strong air, with the yellow stars dancing above, and the long line of the black coast before my salt tear-filled eyes, and propped me up just so long as I might get half a gasping sigh, and hear the storm beating wildly on the farther side of the bar; then the mocking sea would laugh in savage frolic, and down again. Gods! right into the abyss of the nether turmoil, fathoms deep, like a strand of worthless sea-wrack, scouring over the yellow sand-beds where never living man went before, all in the cruel fingers of the icy midnight sea, was I tossed here and there.

And when I did not die, when the savage sea, like a great beast of prey, let me live by gasps to spread its enjoyment the more, and tossed and teased me, and shouted so hideous in my ears and weighed me down—why, the last spark of spirit in me

burnt up on a sudden, fierce and angry. I set my teeth and struck out hard and strong. Ah! and the sea grew somewhat sleek when I grew resolute, and, after some minutes of this new struggle, rolled more gently and buried me less deep each time in its black foam-ribbed vortex, and, presently, in half an hour perhaps, the thunder of the bar was all behind me instead of round about, the stars were steadier in their places, the dim barrier of the land frowned through the rain direct above, and a few minutes more, wondrous spent and weary, the black water flowing in at my low and swollen lips with every stroke, yet strong in heart and hopeful, I found myself floating up a narrow estuary on a dim, foam-flecked but peaceful tide.

The strong but gentle current swept in with the flowing water under the dark shadows of the land, past what seemed, in the wet night-gloom, like rugged banks of tree and forest, and finally floated me to where, among loose boulders and sand, the tamed water was lapping on a smooth and level beach. I staggered ashore, and sat down as wet and sorry as well could be. Life ran so cold and numb within, it seemed scarce worth the cost spent in keeping. My scrip was still at my side, but my sword was gone, my clothing torn to ribbons, and a more buffeted messenger never eyed askance the scroll that led him into such a plight. Where was I? The great gods who live for ever alone could tell, yet surely scores of miles from where I should be! I got to my feet, reeking with wet and spray, the gusty wind tossing back the black Phrygian locks from off my forehead, and glared around. Sigh, sigh, went the gale in the pines above, while mournful pipings came about the shore like wandering voices, and the sea boomed sullenly out yonder in the darkness! I stared and stared, and then started back a pace and stared again. I turned round on my heel and glowered up the narrow inlet and out to sea; then at the beetling crags above and the dim-seen mounds inland; then all on a sudden burst into a scornful laugh—a wild angry laugh that the rocks banded about on the wet night-air and sent back to me blended with all the fitful sobs and moaning of the wind.

The lonely harbour, that of a thousand harbours I had come to, was the old British beach. It was my Druid priestess's village place that I was standing on!

I laughed long and loud as I, the old trader in wine and olives—I, the felucca captain, with cloth and wine below and a comely red-haired slave on deck—I, again, in other guise, Royal Edward's chosen messenger—as good a knight as ever jerked a victorious brand home into its scabbard—stood there with chattering teeth and shaking knee, mocking fate and strange chance in reckless spirit. I laughed until my mood changed on a sudden; and then, swearing by twenty forgotten hierarchies I would not stand shivering in the rain for any wild pranks that Fate might play me, I staggered off on to the hard ground.

Every trace of my old village had long since gone; yet, though it were a thousand years ago I knew my way about with a strange certainty. I left the shore, and pushed into the overhanging woods, dark and damp and sombre, and presently I even found a well-known track (for these things never change); and, half glad and half afraid—a strange, tattered, dismal prodigal come strangely home—I pushed by dripping branch and shadowy coverts, out into the open grass hills beyond.

Here, on some ghostly tumuli near about, the grey shine of the night showed scattered piles of mighty stones and broken circles that once had been our temples and the burial places for great captains. I turned my steps to one of these on the elbow of a little ridge overlooking the harbour and, perhaps, two hundred paces inland from it, and found a vast lichened slab of stupendous bulk undermined by weather, and all on a slope with a single entrance underneath one end. Did ever man ask lodgment in like circumstances? It was the burial mound of an old Druid headman, and I laughed a little again to think how well I had known him—grim old Ufner of the Reeking Altars. Hoth! what a cruel, bloody old priest he was!—never did a man before, I chuckled, combine such piety and savagery together. How that old fellow's cruel small eyes did sparkle with native pleasure as the thick pungent smoke of the sacrificial fire went roaring up, and the hiss and splutter half drowned the screaming of men and women pent in their wicker cages amid that blaze! Oh! Old Ufner liked the smell of hot new blood, and there was no music to his British ear like the wail of a captive's anguish. And then for me to be pattering round his cell like this in the gusty dark midnight, shivering and alone, patting and feeling the mighty lid of that great crypt, and begging a friendly shelter in my stress and weariness of that ghostly hostelry—it was surely strange indeed.

Twice or thrice I walked round the great coffer—it was near as big as a herdsman's cottage—and then, finding no other crack or cranny, stopped and stooped before the tiny portal at the lower end. I saw as I knelt that that tremendous slab was resting wondrous lightly on a single point of upright stone set just like the trigger of an urchin's mouse-trap, but, nothing daunted, pushing and squeezing, in I crept, and felt with my hands all that I could not see.

The foxes and the weather had long since sent all there was of Ufner to dust. All was bare and smooth, while round the sides were solid deep earth-planted slabs of rock—no one knew better than I how thick they were and heavy!—and on the floor a soft couch of withered leaves and grasses.

Now one more sentence, and the chapter is ended. I had not coiled myself down on those leaves a minute, my weary head had nodded but once upon my arm, my eyelids drooped but twice, when, with a soundless start, undermined by the fierce storm, and moved a fatal hair's-breadth by my passage, the propping key-stone fell in, and all at once my giant roof began to slide. That vast and ponderous stone, that had taken two tribes to move, was slipping slowly down, and as it went, all along where it ground, a line of glowing lambent fire, a smoking hissing band of dust marked its silent irresistible progress—a hissing belt of dust, and glow that shone for a half-moment round the fringe of that stupendous portal—and then, too late, as I tottered to my weary knees, and extended a feeble hand towards the entrance, that mighty door came to a rest, that ponderous slab, that scarce a thousand men could move, fell with a hollow click three inches into the mortices of the earth-bound walls, and there in that mighty coffer I was locked—fast, deep, and safe!

I listened. Not a sound, not a breath of the storm without moved in that strange chamber. I stared about, and not one cranny of light broke the smooth velvet darkness. What mattered it? I was weary and tired—to-morrow I would shout and someone might hear, to-night I would rest; and, Jove! how deep and warm and pleasant was that leafy bed that chance had spread there on the floor for me!

(To be continued.)

The Russian Government will shortly form a Commission, consisting of representatives of various specially qualified public administrations and institutions, with instructions to prepare a scheme for opening up trade routes in Central Asia, either by means of works for connecting the Amu Daria with the Caspian Sea, or by the construction of a railway from Orenburg to Tashkent.

JANET.

Spare as a wire, fifty or sixty years of age, clean as a needle, and a terrible woman to talk—that was Janet. Indefatigably active, it was nevertheless probably quite as much her oratory as her work that kept her thin. When she would turn from her occupation in the lower kitchen and, with pale earnest features and quick eyes under her wisp of grey hair, take to detailing the latest hap that had befallen her, she herself seemed almost conscious of her spareness, and her fingers would wander restlessly about her sharp elbows and the bony edge of her stays. Her chief concern in life was to hold her own against the wicked world, to preserve her respectability and independence. This she did rigidly, and, jealous of encroachment at every point, the doing of it brought her into constant collision with her employers and neighbours. The story of these collisions formed her most unflinching subject of talk.

Among employments which afforded the slender pittance of her livelihood was the cleaning of a bank in the little market town, and there she was continually finding it necessary to vindicate her character. All men, she believed, were to be distrusted more or less, but the agent of the bank, she was assured, made a special point of trying her honesty by putting temptation in her way. Accordingly, the bewildered man was the perpetual object of her self-justifying feud. Many a story she had to tell of his subtle machinations, but one in especial is worth recording. The moment the exciting episode was over she flew to her most patient confidant, the housekeeper down at the Grey House, to detail her triumph. Upon sweeping the floor of the bank as usual in the morning, it appeared, she had discovered lying in an odd corner a half-crown. To any other person this might have seemed a simple enough occurrence; to Janet's discerning eye it was much more. Flying straightway for a nail and a hammer, she tacked the half-crown down on the spot. Then, waiting till the bank agent came in, she marched him to the place, showed him the pinioned coin, and, in her own phrase, "tell't him he needna try to temp' Janet Dempster wi' nane o' his filthy lucre." The poor man was probably too much surprised and amused to take offence at the incident; but it afforded immense satisfaction to Janet herself, and ever afterwards she felt justified in assuming a tone of moral superiority over her supposed adversary which no further circumstance could abrogate.

All Janet's demonstrations of independence, however, were not thus smoothly accomplished. One of them, indeed, was once on the point of ending tragically enough.

Her chief source of income was the keeping in order of one of the town's Dissenting kirks. This occupied her, sweeping and dusting, for two or three days in each week; and on Sundays she acted as attendant at one of the kirk doors. The duties of her office, however, in Janet's eyes did not end here. When she spoke of the kirk, one would have supposed it her own particular property; and, to see her stiff, erect figure and alert glance in her pew of a Sunday, it might have been thought she had all the consciences of the congregation in her keeping. Whether she considered such a charge part of her duty, it is certain that she kept a strict eye upon the doctrines and doings of the minister. This it was which brought her into trouble. Had she been allowed her own way, she would have ruled the good man with a rod of iron, and his life, under her supervision, would hardly have been worth two straws. For a long time Janet confined her candid criticism of pulpit doctrine to the ears of her private friends, but a day came when she presumed upon a further step, and proceeded to intimate her opinions to the minister himself. It was a Monday, and Janet was occupied in the usual way in putting pews and pulpit cushions into order, when Mr. Belford happened to come into the kirk.

"Well, Janet," he said, "Monday is a busy day for you."

"Deed ay, Sir," answered Janet, turning round, brush in hand, and doubtless feeling by inspiration that her occasion had come: "the pu'pit has aye to be keepit free o' dust, if it canna be keepit free o' heresy."

"Ah!" said the minister, perhaps a trifle amused, "and you think the kirk in danger, then?"

"Deed, Sir, that's just what I'm thinkin'; an'—here Janet struck at the root of the matter—"to be plain wi' ye, when I heard ye preach yesterday about the 'magnanimous Esau,' I said to Mrs. —, says I—"

But the minister had heard enough. "My good woman," he interrupted, "each of us has an appointed office. Keep you the church free from dust, and leave me to keep it free from heresy."

Janet was left standing alone, confounded. She had meant to do what she thought her spiritual duty, and, instead, she found herself the recipient of rebuke. The reproof was probably no more than the occasion demanded; but she chose to look upon it as a personal affront. In a few minutes she had closed the kirk, marched to the manse, and, delivering up the key, resigned her occupation. Recounting the incident excitedly in the kitchen of the Grey House half an hour later, she declared that she would never go back to work either at kirk or manse till the minister apologised. No apology, however, came, and, as week after week passed, Janet neither dusted nor kept the door of the kirk. All the time she was fretting her life out for the loss of her post of importance. By-and-by it was discovered that, alone in her clean little house, she was starving silently for actual lack of means. A deacon of the kirk went to persuade her to return to her occupation; but it was of no use—Janet was tearful, but obdurate. At last, from fear that the poor creature would literally die of want, the minister himself had to go and explain that he had meant her no affront, and beg of her to come back. Then she returned triumphant.

There was only one man for whom Janet had a wholesome fear. That was the master of the Grey House. To be fair, it must be said that he had quite as lively a fear for her. She was his tenant, but she also went to wash for his housekeeper, and then her querulous speech was to be heard running on all day in the lower regions of the house. "Ha, bother!" the old gentleman would exclaim over his morning paper, as that voice reached his ear, "is that that woman's tongue again?" Upon one occasion, it is said, worried beyond endurance, he made a sudden descent to the lower kitchen, and, unexpectedly appearing in the midst of her harangue, struck her dumb with a loud "Hold your tongue, woman!" It was when the day came for receiving her petty rent that the old gentleman was most apprehensive. Generally she had some request to make for new locks, new paint, or some other trifle. It required a deal of courage on her part to face him with this, but once before him she would persist in her demand with such querulous volubility that out of sheer irritation he surrendered the point. "Very well, very well," he would exclaim desperately, "have the door painted as you wish, and say no more about it."

To look at the gaunt grey haranguing over her wrongs in the midst of the kitchen floor, no one would have supposed that somewhere in her past there had been anything of the nature of a love-story. This there had been, however, and one day she told it. When she was a young woman, nursing her bed-ridden mother, a neighbour, it appeared, had courted her. "His name," she said, "was Willie Munro. I

saw him for lang lookin' my way. When I went to the well at night he wad be there, and wad help me wi' the water-stoups. Mony a gentle thing he said, and I likit him weel, wi' his kindly blue eyne. But I had my mither to help, and when he askit me to marry him, I said I maun bide awhile. Then my mither de'd, and when I was lookin' that he should come for me, he had ta'en up wi' my sister Bess."

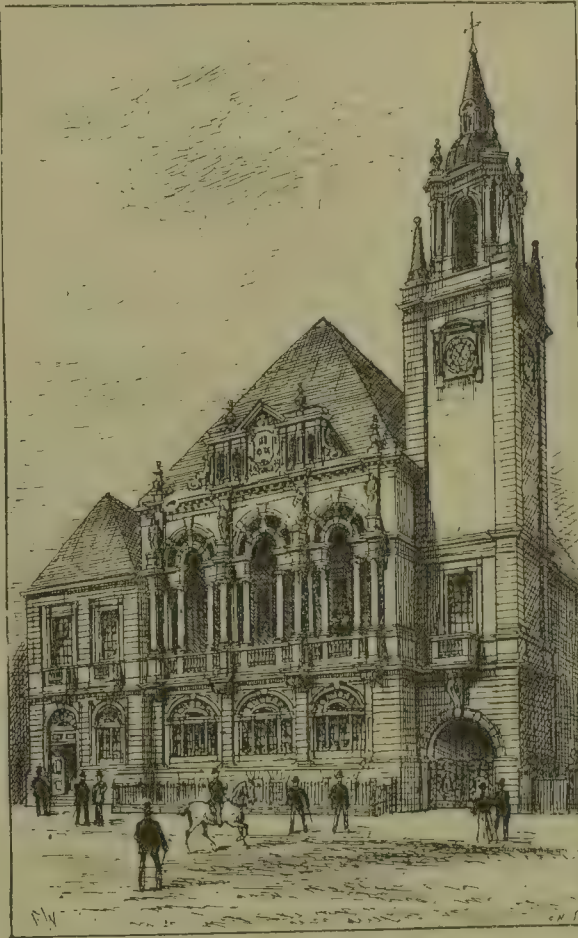
That was the simple story—the story of a simple life. Even the sisterly sacrifice was poorly requited. Bess, as a widow, behaved but badly. After many wanderings, she came back a wreck to Janet's door, and was taken in again. Bess was the secret shadow on her sister's life. In the midst of Janet's endeavours to maintain respectability Bess would have an outbreak, and then the eager efforts of the one sister to screen the other from disgrace were sometimes piteous to discover. Upon one occasion Bess came home furious, and shut her sister out of the house, when, rather than attract the attention of the neighbours, Janet actually spent the night in a shed in her little garden. Strangely enough, as sometimes happens, the long-suffering woman seemed to bear no grudge for all this; and when Bess at last died of her excesses, Janet had her buried with all honour and expense.

When Janet herself finally fell ill, it was discovered for the first time that she had several wealthy relatives. These came forward with a wish to do her some kindness. However, with obstinate independence, she would have none of it. She had "never been beholden to nane o' them, and there wasna time to begin now." At her death it was found that she had appointed the master of the Grey House her executor, and that her few possessions were to be sold for the poor of the kirk which she would dust no longer.

G. E. T.

NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME MUNICIPAL HALL.

On Tuesday, Oct. 14, the Lord Mayor of London, accompanied by the two Sheriffs, opened the new Municipal Hall and Free Library at Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire. The building has been erected at a cost of £15,000, and is of handsome proportions. It includes a council chamber, a school of art, a public reading-room and library, and a large assembly-room.



THE MUNICIPAL HALL, NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME.

Many thousands of people assembled, and there was a procession through the streets, which were profusely decorated. The Lord Mayor, with a golden key, opened the main door of the new buildings, and was subsequently presented with an address, in which reference was made to the fact that Newcastle-under-Lyme dated its charter of incorporation from the reign of Henry II. At luncheon the Mayor (Mr. Alderman R. B. Mellard) presided over 400 guests; and the speakers included the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and Messrs. Woodall, Edwards, Heathcote, and D. H. Coghill.

We give an illustration of the building. Mr. John Gallimore was the contractor, his tender being £12,000, and there were several architects: Messrs. Sugden and Son (Leek), Mr. John Bloor (Newcastle), Mr. W. Sugden (Keighley), and Messrs. Chapman and Snape.

Ready Oct. 27.

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"CARMEN UP TO DATA."

One of the most brilliant theatrical successes of the autumn season in London is the sparkling and entertaining new Gaiety burlesque of "Carmen Up to Data," smartly written by Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Henry Pettitt, and garnished with a wealth of melody by the accomplished *chef d'orchestre* Mr. Meyer Lutz, who has for many years delighted the public with his gay music at the popular headquarters of travesty. The splendour of costume and scenery to which Mr. George Edwardes has accustomed the Gaiety habitués is as noticeable as ever in this bright burlesque of Georges Bizet's romantic Spanish opera. The costly silk and satin dresses are, indeed, the perfection of good taste in colour, and are remarkably handsome. Of the characters delineated, it may be said that not even at the Royal Italian Opera has the part of the arch gipsy coquette Carmen been more seductively played than it is by sweet-voiced Miss Florence St. John, who fascinates the audience as well as her various lovers by the witchery of her singing; and it is but fair to add that Miss Letty Lind and the Gaiety quartette elicit deserved applause by their *chic* and skilful dancing, and that an abundant supply of humour and low comedy is forthcoming from Mr. Arthur Williams, Miss Maria Jones, and Mr. E. J. Lonnen, whose quaint song "Hush, hush—the Bogie Man!" accompanied by a grotesque dance, is the talk of London.

RABELAIS,

ILLUSTRATED BY M. JULES GARNIER.

The managers of the exhibition now open at Waterloo House, Cockspur-street, must at least be credited with having endeavoured to introduce a new feature into picture-shows. We have from time to time the display of a single man's work ranging over a wide field of country, or wandering among picturesque sites; but it is seldom that one has the opportunity of seeing by means of finished pictures the judgment of the artist passed on the *littérature*. Rabelais has on more than one occasion attracted French artists, for the *esprit gaulois* which first showed its full power in the cure of Meudon has survived the intellectual development of the centuries which separate us from that jovial satirist. Gustave Doré, in attempting to bring before our eyes Rabelais's meaning in pictorial form, was too much attracted by the superstitions which it was the author's desire to destroy by his satire. He revelled in the delineation of haunted castles, of phantom spirits, and other gruesome conceits of his own brain, and seemed unable to realise the frank Homeric laugh or the wholesome anger of the author. Robida, on the other hand, could see in Rabelais little more than the caricaturist of the vices and follies of his times, and treats his "serious work"—as no less a critic than Alexander Vinet called "The Life of Gargantua"—as if it were little more than an ephemeral satire, which by some chance had survived until our day. Has M. Jules Garnier been more successful than his predecessors? In some respects he certainly throws into the lives of Gargantua and Pantagruel a reality which the other illustrators missed. He has understood Rabelais's intention to make his heroes real men sent out into the world to destroy the abuses which threatened to render all progress and reformation impossible. He has adopted and well applied the Rabelaisian maxim—

Mieux est de ris que de larmes escrire,
Pour ce que rire est le propre de l'homme—

a bold truth—and also a consolation to proclaim at a time when the lot of the majority of men, especially in France, was more woful and desperate than at any other period of European history. But if M. Garnier has succeeded so far in his work of translation, we cannot admit that he has seized the inner meaning of Rabelais's work, and least of all has he given dignity to the chief characters in the various episodes selected for illustration. To transpose the people of the sixteenth century to the end of the nineteenth—to attribute to them the habits and fashions of our contemporaries—to surround them with the accessories of the modern restaurant—is to burlesque and to degrade the original type without making the latter more intelligible. The crudeness and indecencies of Rabelais's writings were not felt in the times in which he wrote, and his heroes did not demean themselves by acts which are now banished from all self-respecting classes. To modernise the daily life of Pantagruel or to place Gargantua on the level of a Paris boulevardier is wilfully to obscure the real importance of Rabelais's work, and to give an excuse to those who would exclude them from the ranks of the great writers and great Reformers of the sixteenth century.

Notwithstanding this obvious defect, we think that the exhibition of M. Garnier's pictures will attract many; for his skill, both as a draughtsman and in composition, is unquestionable, although, as a colourist, he is inclined to adopt the "murky" tone of a prominent section of the French School. The collection comprises 160 pictures, which are fairly divided between *faits et gestes* of the two mighty men Gargantua and Pantagruel—and, in many instances, the rendering will provoke a hearty laugh, even when the interpretation of the artist does not accord with that of the spectator. It may be added that the exhibition—which has been on view in Paris throughout the summer—was well received by the French Press and public, whose judgment upon a question so purely national as that of the treatment of their great compatriot deserves to be taken into account.

Archdeacon Farrar has been offered by the Speaker, and has accepted, the Chaplaincy of the House of Commons, rendered vacant by the death of the Rev. Henry White.

Mr. John H. Stafford, secretary to the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, has been appointed general manager, in the place of Mr. Thorley.

At a meeting of the ratepayers of the parish of Newington, held on Oct. 16, under the presidency of Sir John Lubbock, it was agreed to put in force the provisions of the Free Libraries Act. Mrs. Ashton Dilke was among the supporters of the proposal.

The October number of the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, which has lately been greatly improved under new management, contains several articles that should be interesting to a wide circle of readers. One of the most striking is a frank and bold statement of the views and sentiments of educated Mohammedans, Brahmins, and Buddhists with regard to the proposal to convert them to Christianity. Professor E. Montet, of Geneva, contributes an acute discussion of the beliefs of the ancient Semitic nations, Assyrio-Babylonian, Phœnician, and Hebrew, concerning the future state of the human soul. The administrative and social organisation of the Chinese Empire is clearly sketched by General Tcheng-ki-tong, who points out much worthy of commendation. A Brahmin Indian official warns the British Government and public against hasty meddling with the Hindoo marriage laws, which he shows to be essentially connected with religious traditions and customs, and practically a safeguard against immorality, and a protection for girls, as well as securing an honoured position for widows.

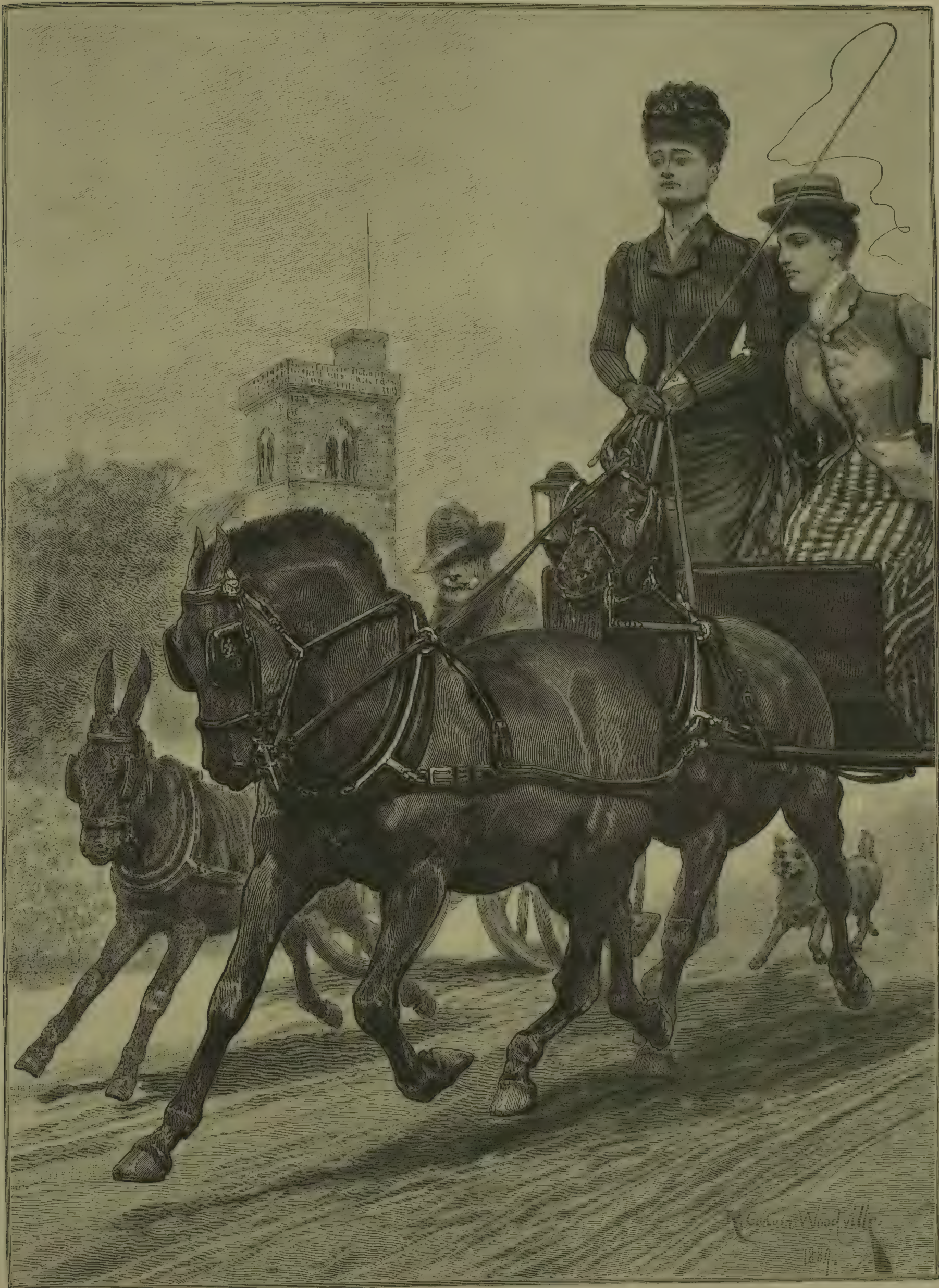


1. José (Mr. E. Lonnen) mounts guard over Carmen (Miss Florence St. John).
4. José in Act III.
7. Mr. Arthur Williams to the rescue.

2. Carmen's costume in Act III.
5. Carmen's pas de fascination before José.
8. Miss Letty Lind's dance.

3. Captain Zuniga (Mr. Arthur Williams) and José.
6. Mr. Lonnen singing "Hush! the Bogey-Man."
9. Carmen consults the cards.

SKETCHES OF "CARMEN UP TO DATA," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.



THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY.

PASTELS AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

To Sir Coutts Lindsay belongs the credit of having revived and given prominence to pastel work; and if, as is threatened, the Grosvenor Gallery will no longer compete for the oil-paintings of modern artists, it will probably for long be the recognised home of the Society of British Pastellists, of which Sir Coutts Lindsay is the President, with an already creditable list of members.

It would be but small praise to say that this first exhibition of the new society shows a very marked advance in pastel-work over the previous exhibitions, at which the present professionals for the most appeared in the character of amateurs. The trained painters in oils and water-colours imagined that they had only to apply their knowledge or their skill to the use of the new medium, and that success would at once wait upon their efforts. Like many others—

... Trouvant toutes choses faciles
Souvent ils étaient heureux—
Grand motif de se croire habiles.

Happily this state of self-satisfaction has been of short duration, and although we may still find certain members of the society attempting, with pastels, effects which are only attainable by moist colours, the majority seem to have brought to their work an earnest desire to revive an art which at one time was deservedly held in high repute in this country.

If anyone wishes to see the aim and limits assigned to their art by the old pastellists, let him turn to Mr. Hubert Vos's "Bretonne Girl" (120) at the end of the West Gallery. The simple arrangement and scheme of colour, the softness of outline, and the repression of all dramatic effect here noticeable constitute the basis of the pastel-work of former times, especially in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, of which specimens remain, notwithstanding the legend of the ladies of Magdeburg. Very few of the works, however, in the Grosvenor Gallery recognise the old rules, and we must, therefore, regard Mr. H. Vos's study rather as a happy inspiration than as an intentional standard. That this is probable we gather from other specimens of the same artist's work. His portrait of Mrs. Edmund Davis (16), although subdued and limited in colour, is far more violent in treatment, and to that, perhaps, owes it value as an excellent portrait; while in his rendering of his own daughter Margaretta (34), the hardness of outline spoils all the roundness of a child's features—a fault less apparent in the portrait of his son Marius (46), a sturdy picturesque little fellow in a becoming costume. In the same artist's portrait of Mrs. Lebeque (112) he seems to have gone to the verge of what is permissible in pastel-work—a brilliant study in white and yellow, in which the lady is made subsidiary to her clothes and other adornments; but, on the other hand, in the figure of the child "Entering Church" (188) we come back to a simpler and, as we cannot but think, more satisfactory use of the chalk medium. Mr. Ellis Roberts goes a step beyond Mr. Vos, and treats his subjects even more classically. The full-length lifesize portraits of Mrs. Albert Gray (142), in a greyish-white dress, and of Mrs. Robert Holford (122), in black, although imposing and graceful, would have been more effective in oils; and the same may be said, though with less force, with regard to his portraits of Viscountess Bury (36), Lady Alice Shaw Stewart (221), and Mr. Albert Holford (242). Among others who have applied pastels to portraiture, Mr. M. Lure Hamilton will attract considerable notice. The group entitled "Sisters" (37), seated under a leafy tree, is too obvious a reminiscence of the Ladies Waldegrave to claim originality; but the two studies of Mr. Gladstone (271)—one representing the statesman immersed in a book, and the other deep in his correspondence—have a touch of spontaneity and vigour which will win the artist deserved approval. It is a pity that the drawing of the latter picture should so uncomfortably cut off the sitter's left arm, and that thereby the composition should lose its roundness. It is impossible to deny the merit of cleverness to Mr. J. J. Shannon's two portraits (87 and 92), but even the latter is not exempt from a certain hardness and affectation from which his oil-work is usually free; but the child in a white dress (53) shows him to better effect, although not quite so successful as Mrs. Jopling's portrait of herself (250) in a red dress, which for *galbe* is unsurpassed by any work of the English pastellists. Mr. Charles Newton's carefully finished portrait of Mrs. Rudston Read (286) and Mr. Herbert Schmalz's portrait of Granville Harcourt (244) also deserve considerable praise; but Mr. Rathbone's rendering of Miss Philippa Fawcett (291) knitting a worsted stocking fails, in spite of its harsh outlines, to convey more than a child face, and is as unsuccessful as Mr. Macpherson's treatment of Mr. Sidney Colvin (61). Mr. E. J. Gregory, too, can scarcely be congratulated on his portrait study (9) of a coarse-featured large-handed lady who occupies a more prominent position than her appearance merits.

Figure studies, as distinguished from actual portraiture, claim a large share of the attention of the British Pastellists, and there is abundance of work, full of promise, and bearing witness to thoughtfulness and care. Foremost among these are Miss Methven's "Venetian Metal Polisher" (17)—refined in colour and admirable in texture; Mr. George Clausen's brilliant studies of peasant life, such as the head of a red-haired child (107), recalling somewhat the expression and colouring of Reynolds's "Infant Samuel"; Miss Maude Coleridge's gay "Tricotine" (49), which our neighbours would qualify as "très chic"; and Mrs. Stanhope Forbes's group of "Gazing Children" (40), in which rustic wonderment is well expressed, and a very complete command of her medium displayed. Mr. Albert Moore is, perhaps, the most important recruit whom the Pastellists have attracted—for he shows to what exquisite uses chalk may be turned by a master-hand guided by a true sense of beauty. "The Bathing-place" (68) is the study of a nude figure perfectly simple in pose, but most complete in every tone and flush, while in "A Girl's Head" (72) he shows that he can, with equal deftness, produce the sense of movement and reality. Mr. Henry S. Tuke's "Leander" (132) is also a clever work, but the near leg is somewhat slack—considering that the whole weight of the body rests upon it—and the artist has, at all events, taken some liberties with the text of the story in representing the young lover starting on his journey in broad daylight. Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's study (148) is also a clever study of the nude figure, the pose of the girl unloosing her sandal being elegant as well as natural. And he still further shows his power in adapting his talent to this sort of work in his study of a girl in grey (161). Mr. James Guthrie, a distinguished leader of the Scotch Impressionists, sends a striking bit of work, "Firelight" (172), representing two ladies in black just visible in the flickering light of the drawing-room fire; but, sketchy as the work is, it is, in all respects, more successful than Mr. Arthur Melville's "Two Girls in a Boat" (126) or "After the Play" (21), in both of which his power or his materials cause his work to fall short of his aim. In like manner we cannot think that such performances as Mr. Wilson Steer's "Sprigged Frock" (129) or his Miss Morton (134), Mr. William Stott's "Prince or Beggar" (147), Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Autumn Leaves" (156), or the still more preposterous "Marigolds" (207) of Mr. C. H. Shannon

will either attract the public to pastel-work or add to the strength of the society. In each of these works the grotesque element—quite unintentionally—forces itself upon the mind, and drives the spectator to laughter or contempt.

It is still an open question, too long for present discussion, whether landscapes fall properly within the scope of pastels. Our modern artists seem to have decided the case for themselves in the affirmative; but it will be seen from the specimens here assembled that not a few in so doing make the final solution of the question more than ever doubtful. For instance, one can scarcely allow that Mr. Mark Fisher's "Old Dutch Village" (4), which as a water-colour would have been delightful, is as a pastel in the least way successful; and the same may be said of his "Stacking Hay" (162), in which, however, the "spottiness" of sky and landscape is not so irritating. Mr. James Macbeth's "Black Squall" (10), however, from its sobriety of colour is an effective work; and Miss Jane Inglis's "Sunset at Tintern" (33) owes its chief beauty to the evening mists which level the tones of the landscape. Mr. William Stott, too, shows remarkable power in his "Fresnet" (58), because the boiling stream dashing over the rocks requires the aid of a very limited palette. This again is the cause of the success of Mr. Geo. Clausen's "Sheepfold" (88), in which the influence of Millet and Jacque is apparent; and of the works of Mr. Peppercorn, Mr. Muhrman, Mr. Sibley, and several others.

Before leaving the British artists we should call attention, among other works, to Mr. Warrener's "Les Haricots" (173), Mr. Melton Fisher's "Italian Girl" (175), Mr. St. George Hare's "Captive" (227), Mr. Anmonier's "Wheatfield" (69), and Mr. Nelson Drummond's "View from Leith Hill" (307) in the grey light of early dawn. To these should be added Mr. J. M. Swan's "Studies of Wild Animals" (215-8), marvels of careful study and vigorous drawing.

Among the foreign pastellists none hold so high a place in the estimation of his fellow-countrymen as M. J. E. Blanche, and few of his competitors show an equal ease in the use of pastels. M. Blanche is essentially a colourist, for his drawing oftentimes is painfully angular, notwithstanding his cleverness and originality in the choice of pose. The portrait of Madame A. H. (3), in a blue silk dress trimmed with fur, is easy and natural; but the arm on which the head is resting is bony and hard. Madame Bordes (44), in a prune-velvet dress, seated in front of a black piano, is even more vigorous in its drawing, but less pleasant to the eye; Madame B. (163), in silvery grey, is more sedate; but Madame Bartet (214), the well-known actress of the Comédie Française, is for vigour and grace the most successful of his portraits. He shows another side of his talent in the clever studies of a peasant child in a blue frock and red kerchief (18) and a girl reading (108), in which the same simple face is reproduced. Mlle. Anna Bilinska, as shown by her oil-work, has a turn for melancholy subjects, but there is neither exaggeration nor false sentiment in "Le Deuil" (118), a little girl in black, who has brought a green wreath to lay upon her mother's tomb; while her "Jeune Fille à la Fenêtre" (185) is a really brilliant effect of broad light, which deserves to be compared with Signor Tofano's bold treatment of Mrs. Holdsworth (25), one of the most effective pictures in the room. The lady, dressed in red, is seated with her back to the window, over the upper half of which the red blind has been drawn down, while through the lower a view is seen out on to a sunlit lawn. The whole effect is very good, and the artist has been so successful as to make one hesitate before pronouncing against the use of bright colours in pastel work. M. Fernand Khnopff, a Belgian artist, also contributes a striking but somewhat cold arrangement of young ladies under the title of "Lawn Tennis" (89), in which the central figure, with her back to the spectator, is the most successful, the others looking slightly tired and worn out. Dutch art, as represented by M. Jan Toorop's "Launching the Smack" (30), is a somewhat confused group of men and horses, drawn with much power. His compatriot M. G. S. Van Strydonck's "Déjeuner" (195) will do little to reconcile us to Dutch pastel-work, but his portrait of an elderly lady, Madame V. (293), is clever, although little more than a sketch. M. J. F. Raffaelli, Madame Vonner, and one or two other foreigners also send works, but they call for no special observation.

THE NEW "FAIRY" LAMP.

Nothing adds more to the attractive appearance of a room than pretty lamps: they give a homelike and cheerful glow to the apartment most slightly furnished. On a daintily laid dinner or supper-table, what shows to better advantage? The new "Fairy" Lamp, manufactured by Messrs. Clarke, of Cricklewood, whose "Pyramid" night-lights and nursery lamps have gained popular favour, deserves an illustration. On a stand of golden brown plush rises a dainty little structure, in the form of a full-blown rose. The curled petals



THE NEW "FAIRY" LAMP.

are of the palest rose-pink glass, delicately veined, the inner ones being of a deeper tint. The double-wicked light inside shines with the prettiest effect through this delicate covering, and to such good purpose that, with three or four of these lamps on the table, no other light is needed, while they form most artistic and beautiful ornaments. Our illustration gives an idea of the general shape and appearance, but to be fully appreciated these lamps should be seen and tried, the effect depending much on the beauty of the colouring when lighted.

The German Emperor having sent £50 to the Royal Sailors' Home at Portsmouth, the committee have named two of the cabins "Kaiser William" and "Hohenzollern."

Lord Hindlip has resigned the chairmanship of the Board of Directors of Messrs. Allsopp and Sons (Limited) Company, giving £10,000 worth of ordinary stock to the sick club in connection with the brewery.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE BREATHING OF FISHES.

A friend of mine keeps golden carps in the usual glass globe, which seems to be the only medium wherein these fishes seem at home. Watching their somewhat dull and uneventful life, one comes to wonder how the goldfishes contrive to exist within the limited sphere presented by the glass vase. My friend has hinted as much to me more than once, and scarcely credits my assertion that it is all a question of breathing. The glass globe has really to present the essential features of the lake or pond, if its tenants are to be healthy. It is the same with an aquarium-tank. The more closely we imitate the conditions of nature therein, the more successful shall we be in rearing and maintaining in good health the denizens of the tank. Apart from food-supply, which is a relatively simple matter, the great question of the goldfishes is the air-supply. This is really the rock upon which amateur aquarium-keepers almost inevitably strike and founder. It is relatively easy to understand why the air-question is a bugbear. In the sea, or river, or pond, there is a natural interchange constantly taking place. All animals, let us remember, demand a supply of atmospheric air. Now, air consists of a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen gases. Roughly speaking, there are nearly four parts of nitrogen to one part of oxygen in the atmosphere; yet, for all that, it is the oxygen which is the "vital air" of animals. The nitrogen merely serves to dilute the oxygen. It is an inert gas, and, so far as we know, goes in and out of the breathing organs of animals in an unchanged state.

It matters not whether an animal lives on land or in the waters beneath—it breathes the same air. The difference between the fish and the man lies not in what is breathed, but only in the manner of breathing it, as we shall presently see. Again, the same waste or effete matters—carbonic acid gas, water, &c.—are given off by all animals, as the result of the breakdown of their bodies in the acts of living, and in the acts of working. Just as a man poisons the air in which he lives, so the fish renders noxious to itself the water in which it swims. It gives forth carbonic acid gas and other waste products from its gills, and these products contaminate the water, and threaten the fish with death if they are not duly removed from the neighbourhood of the animal. This is the trouble with the big aquarium, and with the glass globe and its goldfish, alike. In the aquarium a constant circulation of water is contrived. You see the jet of water rushing into each tank, laden with oxygen which it has absorbed from the air. All the aquarium water, originally stored in dark underground tanks, is made constantly to circulate through the tanks by the aid of steam-power. It leaves each tank, passes, laden with waste matters, to the underground reservoirs. There, in the dark, it regains something of its old and pure nature, while, as it is sent forcibly into the fish-tanks once again, it absorbs oxygen from the air, and goes to the fishes thus charged anew with the "vital gas."

Now, although my friend cannot inaugurate this circulation of water in his house and with his glass globe, he can yet imitate it fairly well. When the water in the globe gets foul he simply changes it. This, no doubt, is the most practical and easiest method of keeping his goldfishes alive. Yet if he simply syringed the water now and then—assuming that any solid waste matters were otherwise got rid of—he could keep the water fairly pure. I take up a syringe of the water from the globe, then holding the syringe, say, a foot or so above the globe, I forcibly squirt the water back into the vessel. You know how the water goes in with a rush, and carries in with it innumerable bubbles of air. Repeated frequently, I succeed by this practice in recharging with atmospheric air the water which had that commodity extracted from it by the goldfishes; and this is precisely what the aquarium-engine does on a bigger scale, and with greater regularity than is possible in the case of the glass globe at home. It is the aëration of the water, and not its renewal, which is demanded. We may renew it if we will, because that is a handy and easily performed process. It is not a necessity, however, provided we keep it free from solid waste matters; and in the aquarium the same stock of seawater, as we know, serves very well for months or even years.

Looking at our fishes, we observe they appear to be constantly gulping in the water by which they are surrounded, but, regarding them more closely, we note that a special movement of the gill-flap or gill-cover, at the side of the head, serves to expel the water which the fishes take in by the mouth. Ordinary fishes have their comb-shaped gills contained in a chamber in the sides of the head. Outwardly, this chamber is covered by the gill-flap; internally it communicates, by slits, with the mouth. If, therefore, a fish takes water in by its mouth, the water passes into the gill-chamber through the slits, and, after passing over the gills, is ejected behind the gill-cover by the forcible contraction of that structure. This is how common fishes breathe, in so far as the mechanism of their respiration is concerned. Certain fishes, such as the lampreys, skate, sharks, and dog-fishes, not to speak of the lepidosiren and barramunda, breathe in a different fashion; only these are exceptional cases, and do not require mention at present. The essential part of the breathing process in the goldfishes, and in all other common fishes, is that water, charged with air, shall freely bathe their gills; and we have seen how this condition is carried out. A gill, after all, is only a network of very fine blood-vessels. The lung corresponds likewise to this definition, and it is the aim of breathing that an exchange shall occur in gill and lung, on principles of chemical fairness. For as the water, laden with its oxygen-carrying air, passes over the gill, the air is absorbed into the blood, while, contrariwise, the carbonic acid and other waste matter are given off to the water, and are thus got rid of by the expulsion of that water from the gill-chamber. With ourselves the same thing happens. We breathe in air, which, taken into our lungs, passes into our blood, while we breathe out air laden with waste products. In each case it is an exchange, and the essential principle is the same in the water-living fish and the land-living man.

ANDREW WILSON.

Sir Theodore Martin, presiding on Oct. 16 at a concert in the Townhall at Llangollen on behalf of the town public library, gave an excellent address on "Reading." After giving some details as to the number and nature of the books read, Sir Theodore defended the perusal of works of fiction, as in so doing a taste for reading more useful literature might be acquired.

The Christmas Number of the *Art Journal* this year promises to be unusually attractive. The artist selected for this year's appreciation is Mr. Birket Foster, who enjoys a well-earned reputation as an interpreter of English country scenery. The story of Mr. Birket Foster's life, which has been one of patient industry, will be written by Mr. Marcus B. Huish, the editor of the *Art Journal*, who has had special opportunities of studying the artist's ways of work, and is well acquainted with the chief incidents of his professional career. "The Life of Mr. Birket Foster" will be illustrated by several original drawings, and will contain reproductions of upwards of forty of his best-known works.

CRICKET IN INDIA.

We have occasionally had illustrations of the performances of English cricket-players, among gentlemen both of the civil and the military services in India, worthy of the ordinary practice of amateur local clubs in England. Not long ago, at Bombay, several Parsee gentlemen won high distinction in this game, and many native players will no doubt be found to equal the skill of the "Sahib Log." But all classes and races may not have the same capability; and the average Baboo of Bengal, though a clever fellow in book-learning, writing, and the work of the desk and counting-house, is seldom particularly endowed with aptitude for outdoor exercises and sports. In a district of India which shall be nameless, according to our anonymous correspondent, but where a native educational institution exists which may be styled the "College of Progress in Science and Arts," the Professors and students have formed a Cricket Club. There was a cavalry regiment at the neighbouring station, the officers of which had a cricket club of their own; and the native gentlemen of the College presently conceived an ambition to invite the English officers to play a friendly match with them, which was certainly not a challenge to be refused. How the match was played, our information being confined to the droll sketches we have received, it is impossible for us to state with the preciseness desirable in reports of these affairs; whether the Native Eleven, who first took their innings, scored any runs

FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT VON MOLTKE.

October 26 is the ninetieth birthday of this great master of military organisation and strategy, to whose skill Germany is indebted, as well as to the tactical abilities of other commanders and the disciplined valour of a million good soldiers, for the victories which in a few years, from 1864 to 1871, changed the balance of powers in Europe, and enabled Prussia, at the head of a new National Federal Empire, to hold the central place of superior strength among Continental States.

Hellmuth von Moltke was born, Oct. 26, 1800, at Parchim, in Mecklenburg, son of a retired Prussian officer of the Mollendorf Regiment, owning the estate of Gnewitz. His parents removed to Holstein, then ruled by the King of Denmark; and the boy, in his twelfth year, was sent to the Military Academy at Copenhagen; he was a Danish officer from 1819 to 1822, after which he went to the Military Academy of Berlin, entered the Prussian Army as a Lieutenant of the 8th Infantry Regiment, further studied in the School of Division at Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, and in 1832 was appointed on the General Staff. He was first employed in the military survey of Silesia and Posen. In 1835 he went to Turkey, having attained the rank of Captain, became professional adviser of the Turkish military administration, and in 1839 took part in the campaigns of the Turkish Army in Syria against Mahomet Ali and Ibrahim Pasha of Egypt, after which he returned to Berlin, rejoined the Prussian Staff, and

Prussia, certainly not inferior to the diplomatic exploits of Bismarck. He planned and managed the Danish campaign of 1864, which restored confidence to the Prussian Army. He arranged and directed the more complex war of 1866, intercepting and cutting off the Hanoverian, Hesse Darmstadt, and Bavarian contingents in Central Germany, while he brought three powerful columns of Prussian troops, through Saxony and Silesia, into Bohemia, personally leading one of them at the battle of Königgrätz, or Sadowa, on July 3, and continued the advance to Olmutz and towards Vienna. It was Baron Von Moltke who negotiated the armistice and the terms of peace. In 1870, when the Emperor Napoleon III. declared war against Prussia, and Frenchmen expected to overrun the Rhine frontier and march to Berlin, within a week Moltke had three German armies, under General Steinmetz, Prince Frederick Charles, and the Crown Prince Frederick William (afterwards Emperor Frederick), ready on the frontier to invade France. Within six weeks the active part of the French Army, with the Emperor Napoleon himself, was defeated and captured at Sedan; the garrison of Strasburg, on Sept. 28, and Marshal Bazaine's army at Metz, on Oct. 27, were compelled to surrender; then followed the campaign of the Loire, and the manœuvres around Besançon, while the siege of Paris was formed and closely pressed to its end on the first day of March. For the planning and supervision of all these amazing military successes, Moltke is entitled to the greatest credit. He was raised to the rank of Graf, or Count, during that war.



1. Professors and Students of the Progress College of Arts and Sciences offer to play cricket with the officers.
2. Ready!
3. A hitch in the proceedings.
4. "How's that, Umpire?"
5. The Principal of the College sees his best wicket go down.
6. What are the Franks doing?
7. "Aree-ee!"
8. Our Innings: One fell stroke!

CRICKET IN INDIA: SKETCHES BY A CAVALRY OFFICER.

at all, or succumbed instantly, one after another, to the British style of bowling, is not history but mystery in the blank account that has been furnished. The queer figures delineated in these amusing sketches will be recognised as belonging to a peculiar type of the middle-class town Hindoo, extremely different from the more active and energetic races of other provinces in India. But there is perhaps a touch of caricature in the aspect of the short, stout, bald-headed person with goggle spectacles, ready to wield his bat; the lanky man, stopping to wind up his long pigtail; and the grave and reverent Principal of the College, arrayed in his broad turban, flowing beard, embroidered long coat, and turned-up boots, who sees with dismay the speedy overthrow of all the wickets on his side. If this paper should reach the hands of any of the Native Eleven, we hope they will take the joke in a good-humoured spirit, as it is meant. The final catastrophe would appear to come from the first bat in the English officers' innings, which sent the ball among the crowd of spectators and attendants, to their great terror and confusion.

A valuable addition to the Art Gallery of New South Wales, Sydney, has been made by Mr. James R. Fairfax, who has presented to the trustees a complete cast of the celebrated Ghiberti bronze gates, standing 18 ft. 4 in. high, at the entrance to the baptistery of the cathedral at Florence.

The fourth Printers', Stationers', and Kindred Traders' International Exhibition and Market is appointed to take place at the Royal Agricultural Hall, London, on March 16 to 30, 1891. Considering the number of type-setting machines and other wonderful inventions that have been introduced during the last eight years, this exhibition should prove one of the most interesting and profitable trade gatherings of the year.

wrote a book on Turkey. He was promoted to be a Major in 1842, was Adjutant to Prince Henry of Prussia from 1845 to 1847, and married Miss Mary Burt, daughter of an Englishman, niece to her husband, Mrs. Burt being Moltke's sister. In 1849 he was made Chief of the Staff of the 4th Army Corps at Magdeburg. He became Colonel in 1851, and in 1855 and 1856 was Equerry to the then Crown Prince of Prussia, afterwards the Emperor William I., visiting the different Courts of Europe. When, in 1858, the Crown Prince became Regent, Moltke was placed at the head of the General Staff of the Prussian Army, and was raised to the rank of Lieutenant-General.

The reorganisation of that army was immediately begun, under the personal direction of the Prince Regent, who became King in January 1861, by the Minister for War, General Von Roon, and by General Von Moltke. It was the administrative work of those years that laid the foundation of all the German military achievements and conquests, providing Bismarck, who became Prime Minister in September 1862, with the force needful to effect the political aggrandisement of the Prussian Kingdom.

The application of this force in actual warfare, as a matter of history, is comprised in three stages: the war against Denmark in 1864, by which Prussia, having won Schleswig-Holstein, contrived to jockey Austria and to defy the old German Federal Diet, appropriating those Duchies; the war against Austria in 1866, by which that Empire was driven out of the Germanic Confederation, and several of the lesser German States were annexed to Prussia, others reduced to subservience; and finally, in 1870, the war of the new German Federal Power, led by Prussia, against France, resulting in the creation of the present German Empire. It was in the military direction of these three wars that Moltke performed services to his Royal master, William I., and to the Kingdom of

and was afterwards rewarded with that of Chief Marshal of the German Empire, but has latterly been released from official service.

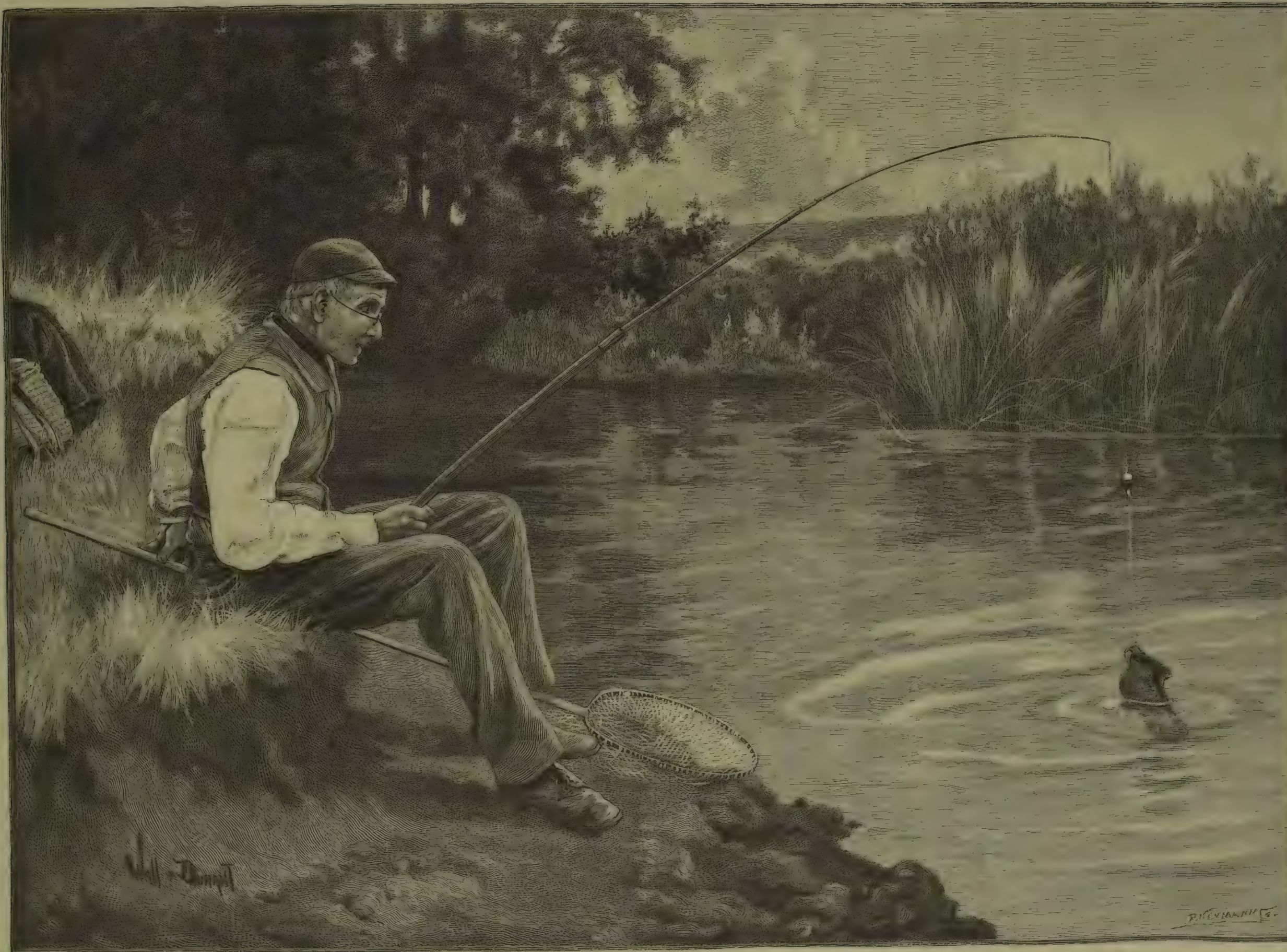
The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Löscher and Petsch, of Berlin.

Mr. H. Broadhurst, M.P., has been nominated by the Earl of Leicester, Lord Lieutenant of Norfolk, to the magistracy of that county.

The first of a series of lectures on Homeric Greece was delivered on Oct. 15 at the Chelsea Townhall by Mr. Walter Leaf. The object of the course, which is under the management of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, is to illustrate the Iliad and the Odyssey by the light of recent archaeological discoveries. Mr. Leaf's first lecture dealt especially with the topography of Troy and the surrounding district, the scene of so many stirring episodes of the Homeric myth. Following the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann, Mr. Leaf gave his reasonings for identifying the site of old Troy with the modern Hissarlik, and, by means of several interesting plans and views, showed very clearly the probable position of the chief buildings of the wind-swept Ilium. Not less interesting were his remarks on the physical disturbances which have happened since the days when the Greeks did or did not beleaguer the famous city. The Scamander has long since changed its course, and the Simois is now lost in a reedy marsh, although the mingled warm and ice-cold sources of the latter are still to be found on the slopes of Mount-Ida. Mr. Leaf's lectures, which will deal very thoroughly with Homeric history and art, will be supplemented by a course of four lectures by Miss Jane E. Harrison, on the Myths of the Homeric Cycle, and their expression in art. Both courses will be given at the Chelsea Townhall on Wednesdays at 5.15 p.m.



FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT VON MOLTKE, BORN OCT. 26, 1800.



PISCATOR PUZZLED.

"Thou comest in such a questionable shave."—SHAKESPEARE.

NOVELS.

An Australian Girl. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son.)—Are we to understand that the daughters, born and educated under the Southern Cross, of our now elderly contemporaries who emigrated thirty years ago to the Antipodean lands of wool and gold, already present a new type of feminine character? Must we say of those remote young ladies, as Dante exclaimed, six centuries past, of the imagined starry splendours in their hemisphere—

Goder pareva il ciel di lor fiammelle;
O settentrional vedova sito.
Polchè privato sei di veder quelle?

Certainly, in the portraiture of well-bred Australian maidenhood by several recent novelists, whose descriptions of natural scenery in that region of the globe, of colonial cities, and of the habits of life in town and country, are vivid and exact, we have to admire some of the most engaging young women introduced to the world of fiction. Miss Stella Courtland, of Adelaide, whose acquaintance we are delighted to make at the beginning of this story, is profoundly fascinating, not so much by her beauty, that of dark sea-blue eyes and a pale face which swiftly glows with rosy light in every passing mood of feeling, but rather from her mental qualities. A girl in ordinary converse overflowing with gentle mirth and fun, archly parrying and sweetly mocking the importunities of a stupid lover, ready to dance, to ride, to climb, to run and leap, often bursting into soft low tones of laughter, vehemently affectionate to her mother and sisters, frankly sincere with her brothers, is an excellent colonial product. But when she proves, moreover, to be gifted with a powerful intellect, cultivated by a wide range of studies in the highest poetry and philosophy; to be a reader of Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, Goethe, and even of Kant's "Kritik der reinen Vernunft," and to have emerged from a mystic dream of Roman Catholic devotion with intense longings for truth, and for rational conceptions of Divine law and human destiny, this phenomenal character seems to excel the majority of her sex.

In her letters to her brother Cuthbert, a clergyman at Melbourne, which fill more than a dozen chapters of the first volume, Miss Stella pours out a continuous sparkling stream of the liveliest thought, alternatively speculative, pathetic, and humorous, tenderly fond, or deeply introspective, suddenly changing to the wildly sportive, the witty, the ironical, or the fantastic and grotesque, till she fairly takes away the reader's breath. Very few girls in Europe could write such letters, the nimble playfulness of which, as in Stella's merry talk with her daily companions, does not hide the under-current of grave moral sentiment, or the stirrings of lofty aspiration. Her glancing allusions to diverse arguments and instances in literary history are so various and abundant, while usually so apt, that our wonder at the standard of female scholarship in Australia is greatly increased. But evidence of genuine Australian authorship is supplied by a multitude of small incidental details and characteristic anecdotes, which could be gathered only by local experience and minute observation. The suburbs and neighbourhood of Adelaide, in particular, the homes and habits of the worthy German settlers in South Australia, the singularly dreary aspect of the Mallee Scrub, the cares and anxieties of squatters, the recklessness of station hands, the condition of degraded vagrant natives, the strange customs, notions, and legends of the aboriginal race, and the trees and flowers, birds, reptiles, and insects of that country, are exactly described.

But all these things are not the story, which must, by the laws of novel-writing, inevitably turn upon a question of the heroine's marrying somebody or other. We should have a difficulty in approving any such arrangement for Stella; her mind is so wide and rich, with such versatile sympathies and capabilities, beyond her charming personality and the deep cravings of affection in her womanly heart, that a man could hardly be invented worthy to be her husband. There are some women, perhaps, for whom nature has created no fit husbands, no men with refinement and sensibility enough to be their proper mates: let them abide in single blessedness, a general blessing to mankind. In another Australian novel, called "In Her Earliest Youth," by the writer styling herself "Tasma," reviewed six months ago, the wretched mistake committed by Pauline was in marrying George Draffon, a bustling, thriving, horsey, boorish young squatter, from the self-devoted motive of a compassionate intention to refine and elevate his mind by her conjugal influence, or at least to save him from going to the bad. But in that instance, as we remember, the horsey, betting, card-playing, rather loud and coarse young man, who had threatened to plunge into some Tophet of self-destroying vices if a particular young lady still refused to be his wife, made her a remarkably bad husband. Six months after marriage, of course, he who could make such an appeal to the tender conscience of a pure-minded girl, when she found herself unable to love and trust him, proved to be a worse gambler, drunkard, and profligate—moreover, an adulterer—than he would have become if she had left him alone. But Mr. Edward Ritchie, in the present story, though of the same type and class in Australian society, is not equally heartless and shameless. He has inherited an estate of £15,000 a year, has won the Melbourne Race Cup, and is neither dishonest nor ungenerous; but he has not an idea or sentiment above the stud stable and the betting ring, and in low company may be tempted to get drunk. This youth and Stella Courtland were playmates in childhood, and his love for her is the redeeming manly influence of his life. But, whereas her mind has received a high degree of intellectual, moral, and spiritual culture, he is a mere boor—an ignorant cattle-breeder and horse-trainer, with a great deal of money to spend. How, then, can Stella be induced to think she ought to marry Ted, to save him from going wrong?

The opposite possible destiny for this "Australian Girl" is exhibited in a highly wrought picture, filling nearly all the second volume, of the growth of an all-absorbing love between her and Dr. Langdale, an English physician residing in Australia, an ideal figure of manly gentleness, integrity, modesty, and mental strength. Eloquence almost exhausts its verbal resources, and fancy expends her store of natural imagery, combining all the features of Australian landscape scenery—its sunlit skies and plains, woodland dells, bright birds and flowers, around the Lulaboolagana station—with the profuse

mutual outpouring of fine thoughts and sentiments, to exalt the ardent attachment of this pair of lovers. Unhappily, however, though necessarily, perhaps, for the requirements of a modern novel, poor Stella is kept in the dark, until Dr. Langdale has sailed for England, concerning his previous marriage to an Italian lady, from whom he was separated on account of her infidelity, and whose death has recently been reported to him; so that, when he goes home to obtain certain legal proof of this fact, intending to return and marry Stella in a few months, a wicked female intriguer, Ted Ritchie's sister Laurette, contrives to cheat the poor girl into the belief that Langdale is still a married man. We find this part of the story unsatisfactory, and inadequate to sustain the high conceptions of character ascribed to the heroine and to the worthy object of her affection; for there ought not to have been any such secret between two such noble-minded persons, and then Stella ought not to have married Ted, in a fit of resentful pride and jealousy, deceiving her conscience with the idea of a self-sacrifice for Ted's sake, in such a violent hurry. Our interest in her spiritual struggles, when she goes to Europe with her husband under the terrible shock of once finding him senselessly intoxicated a few nights after their wedding, is somewhat diminished by considering that she suffers in a great degree from her own fault. When she again meets Langdale at Berlin, discovering the trick that has been played upon her, with a falsification of letters, by her vile sister-in-law, Stella's just indignation unhappily allies itself with a perilous inclination to break her matrimonial bond; for her passion for the man whom she ought to have married, and who is actually a widower, now prevails over the sense of conventional duty and honour, during a temporary eclipse of religious faith. Langdale, however, perceiving her distracted condition, nobly abstains from taking advantage of it; and, with the gradual

MINOR ART EXHIBITIONS.

At the Fine-Art Society's Galleries (148, New Bond-street) two separate exhibitions are now open, in which the methods of two traditionally distinct schools of painting are altogether reversed. Miss Margaret Van Roosenboorn, a Dutch lady, paints flowers with a flowing brush, while Mr. H. Stacy Marks, R.A., reproduces the plumage of birds with microscopic accuracy. The flower-pictures are chiefly noteworthy for the fine sense of chiaro-oscuro which marks Miss Van Roosenboorn's work; and in the large masses of white azaleas, blush roses, and the like her powers are seen to the best advantage. Unfortunately, flower-pieces are seen to the least advantage when grouped together, and the gallery thus loses much of its interest from the want of some variety of subject. Nevertheless, those who would see how effective composition can be combined with a truthful rendering of flowers in masses should not lose the opportunity afforded by Miss Van Roosenboorn's spirited drawings.

Mr. Stacy Marks works in a very different way, and each of his pictures is a carefully finished attempt in portraiture, achieved under difficulties of which he gives a humorous account in the prefatory note issued with the catalogue. If Mr. Marks's work lacks some of the roundness and solidity which distinguishes Bewick's drawings of birds, on the other hand, the modern artist enters, as it were, more into the inner life of the bird, and brings out with subtle humour the human passions reflected in so many birds. Who, for instance, can fail to recognise some well-known types (Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" would supply them) which find their counterpart in the "Banksian Cockatoo" (29) and the "Dusky Cockatoo" (35)—the former as the diligent purveyor of village gossip, the latter as its sympathetic recipient. Penguins seem to lend themselves naturally to humorous treatment, and, whether as "Romeo and Juliet" (5) or as the "Peacemaker" (85), or as in the "Cut Direct" (26), comport themselves with almost human sensibility. They are not, however, so self-complacent or such eminent instances of self-conscious virtue as the "Storks" (20), who thrive on their respectability, and, doubtless, look with Pharisaic pity on the other occupants of their "park" at the Zoological Gardens. The cranes, on the other hand, seem almost as respectable, but less self-conscious, and they can enjoy "A Stroll by the Sea" (13) as much as the mother and father of a large family when out for a holiday.

As instances of Mr. Marks's skill in rendering the tones of the plumage as well as the expression of faculties more or less latent, we must turn from such carefully finished work as "A Mule" (58)—a bird well known to canary-fanciers—to the two portraits of the "Laughing Jackass" (30 and 9), a bird of the raven tribe; to the "Brown Imperial Eagle" (41), or the rich-coloured parrot known as the "Blue Amazon" (38), or poor "Tommy the Hornbill" (72), who used to perform such surprising tricks to the delight of visitors at the Zoo. For those who wish to make the art of painting a vehicle for information in natural history, Mr. Marks supplies—like enterprising game-dealers—specimens of Pallas's "Sandgrouse" (48), which recall but slightly the denizens of our moors; "Scotch Ptarmigan" (19), which have already assumed their winter plumage. Although Mr. Marks makes no secret of the fact that his studies have all been done in this country, and consequently from birds in confinement, he is not the less their friend, and a pleader for their better treatment. The preface to the catalogue deserves not only to be read but to be remembered; and if, by his means, some indignant protest can be raised against the merciless slaughter of the feathered songsters of India and other parts of the British Empire, Mr. Marks will have an additional cause to be proud of the results of the present exhibition.

THE NATIONAL ARMADA MEMORIAL AT PLYMOUTH.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, Naval Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, on Tuesday, Oct. 21, performed the ceremony of unveiling the monument which has been erected by national subscription on Plymouth Hoe as a memorial of British worthies who took part in England's defence against the Spanish Armada, which was first sighted off our shores on July 19, 1588. This monument consists of a pedestal, with spreading base, reaching nearly 60 ft. in height; the material used is grey granite, the figures and tablets are in bronze. It is surmounted by a figure of Britannia, with the shield of the three crosses, holding in her left hand a banner with a trident, and in her right hand a sword. Below are twelve wreaths of laurel, and in the panels of the shaft are bronze medallions of Lord Howard of Effingham, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir John Hawkins, Admiral Sir Martin Frobisher, Sir William Wintour, and others. The panel of the base has a bas-relief in bronze, representing the destruction of the Spanish fleet, accompanied with the inscription, "He blew with His winds and they were scattered." On each side of the bas-relief are two seated figures, one representing Valour, the other Vigilance. The central ornament consists of the unveiled arms of England, as used at the period, surmounted by the crown of Queen Elizabeth; on the other side are the arms of Queen Victoria, and the Prince of Wales. The Duke of Norfolk was president of the Memorial Committee. The monument has been wholly designed by Mr. Herbert A. Gribble, architect.

As president of the Exeter Literary Society, Lord Coleridge on Oct. 15 laid the foundation-stone of a new lecture-hall for that body, and delivered an appropriate address. Attending lectures, he pointed out, would not alone enable a man to gain an effective knowledge of his profession or calling; but education never ended, and it was in supplementing education, in refreshing the mind as well as the body when the work of the day was over, that institutions such as theirs found a legitimate place.

The Queen has approved the nomination of the Very Rev. Randall Thomas Davidson, Dean of Windsor, to succeed the Bishop of Rochester on his translation to the See of Winchester. The new Bishop took his B.A. at Oxford in 1871, priest's orders in 1875, and received the honorary degree of D.D. from the University of St. Andrews in 1885. He was resident chaplain, from 1877 to 1882, to Dr. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, whose daughter he married, and in 1883 was appointed Dean of Windsor.



THE NATIONAL ARMADA MEMORIAL ON PLYMOUTH HOE.

restoration of mental sanity, on her recovery from a fever, Stella is led by intercourse with good friends, German and English, to interest herself in works of charity and plans of social reform. Coming next to London, she hears Cardinal Newman preach at a Catholic chapel, and the Christian teaching of her earlier girlhood resumes control over her wayward spirit. Resolving to be a true and faithful wife, and seeing that her lawful husband, who has forsworn brandy, is really so fond of her that she may hope to make a good man of him, after all, despite his lack of culture and refinement, Stella bids farewell to her lost lover, with silent, sorrowing resignation, and the wedded couple return to their Australian home, fairly promising a tolerably serene domestic life. The plot and incidents of this story are, on the whole, subordinate to the portraiture of one feminine character under very complex influences, and to the discussion of ethical and religious problems in the light of free but earnest modern thought.

Mr. S. Digby has been appointed by the council of the Society of Arts as secretary of the India Section of the society, in place of Mr. Demetrius Boulger, resigned.

An international fancy bazaar was held on Oct. 22 and following days, at the Society's schools, Redhill, in aid of the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society for orphans and other necessitous children of parents once in prosperity, of any nation.

Newcastle-on-Tyne has now eight public parks. The town acquired one on Oct. 15 by the gift made to the Corporation by Mr. W. D. Cruddas, one of the directors of the Elswick Works. It is a space of more than four acres in Scotswood-road, near the works, and is valued at £10,000.

The Southport Corporation, having been empowered to construct a marine park and lake, on which they expended £12,000, now propose to construct another park and lake, at a cost of £25,000. The usual Local Government Board inquiry was held by Colonel Ducat, R.E., in the Southport Townhall, and a further sum of £18,000 is to be expended for other public improvements, making a total of £55,000. There was no opposition.

OBITUARY.

LORD LEE, OF THE COURT OF SESSION.

Robert Lee (titular Lord Lee), one of the Judges of the Second Division of the Court of Session in Scotland, died on Oct. 11. He was seventh son of the late Very Rev. John Lee, D.D., I.L.D., Principal of Edinburgh, and Dean of the Chapel Royal; was born in 1830, and educated at the Academy and University of Edinburgh, admitted Advocate in 1853, appointed Procurator for the Church of Scotland in 1869, made Sheriff of Stirling and Dumbarton in 1875, and Sheriff of Perthshire in 1877. He became a Lord of Session in 1880. He married, in 1854, Catherine Alleyne, daughter of the late Dr. George Augustus Borthwick, F.R.S.E.

MR. FONNEREAU.

Mr. Thomas Neale Fonnereau of Christ Church Park, Suffolk, J.P., died, at his seat near Ipswich, on Oct. 11, aged forty-nine. He was only son of the late Mr. William Charles Fonnereau, J.P. and D.L., of Christ Church Park, by Katherine Georgiana, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Cobbold of Hollywells, and represented an old French family which was founded in England by Zacharie de Fonnereau, who fled from La Rochelle at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and whose son, Mr. Claude Fonnereau, purchased Christ Church and a considerable estate at Edmonton, together with the borough of Aldborough, for which three of his sons sat in several successive Parliaments. The gentleman whose death we record married, in 1861, Blanche Editha, youngest daughter of the Rev. George Pearse, Vicar of Martham, Norfolk, and leaves several children. The youngest son, Peter James, died the day after his father—namely, Oct. 12.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Herbert Barnes, M.A., Treasurer and Canon of Exeter Cathedral, and late Archdeacon of Barnstaple.

The Very Rev. Canon Thomas Pope, a well-known and much-esteemed dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church, in Dublin, on Oct. 12, aged eighty.

The Rev. Peter Mackenzie, D.D., of Ferintosh, Ross-shire, on Oct. 12, in the eightieth year of his age and the forty-seventh of his ministry.

Mr. George Arthur Bayley Croft, 2nd Battalion Manchester Regiment, younger son of Admiral Croft, of Manor Gate House, Kingston-hill, suddenly, on Oct. 13.

Mr. Byramjee Jeejeebhoy, C.S.I., a leading Parsee merchant and philanthropist, on Oct. 12, at Mazagon, in his sixty-seventh year.

Mr. Thomas Edward Taylor of Dodworth Hall, near Barnsley, Yorkshire, J.P. and D.L., elder brother of Mr. Francis Howard Taylor of Middlewood Hall, on Oct. 13, aged seventy-seven.

Mr. Henry Francis Knollys, of Emperor's Gate, South Kensington, second son of Mr. J. E. Knollys of Fitzhead Court, Somerset, J.P., and grandson of the late Rev. James Knollys, Vicar of Penn, Bucks, on Oct. 13, at St. Moritz, Switzerland, in his thirty-fourth year.

Mr. E. Thomas Neville Bagot of Aughrane Castle and Ballymoe, in the county of Galway, on Oct. 10, aged forty-two. He was the descendant of the Irish family of Bagot of Bagots-rath, in the county of Dublin, whose ancestor was Robert Bagot, Lord Chief Justiciary of Ireland in 1274.

Colonel Henry George Conroy, youngest and last surviving son of the late Sir John Conroy, Bart., on Oct. 5, after a brief illness. He obtained his commission in the Grenadier Guards in 1833, and some time after was appointed to the Staff of the late Field-Marshal Sir E. Blakeney in Ireland, where he soon became one of the most popular officers of the Staff.

Mr. Alexander James Duffield, mining chemist, well known in South America, Australia, and other distant lands, on Oct. 9, aged sixty-eight. He gained considerable position as a man of letters, especially by his translation of "Don Quixote" and by his "Reminiscences of Travel Abroad," as well as by the charm of his conversation.

Mr. Balfour addressed a great public meeting in the People's Palace, Newcastle, on Oct. 18, and in the evening he distributed the prizes to the successful students of the School of Science and Art.

The Ven. George Rodney Eden, M.A., was, on Oct. 18, consecrated Bishop-Suffragan of Dover, in succession to Dr. Parry. The ceremonial took place in Canterbury Cathedral, and the Archbishop of Canterbury was assisted by the Bishops of Durham, Rochester, and Gibraltar, and by Bishop Mitchinson.

Mrs. Price has offered to give £5000 for a memorial hall of her husband, the late Major Price, M.P., to be erected in Gloucester. It is proposed that the hall shall be built next to the Schools of Science and Art, and that the funds raised in the Jubilee year for a permanent memorial shall be applied towards the scheme.

The Committee of the London Corporation on the London Water Supply has issued the first instalment of its report, the evidence in which extends over 400 pages. The committee recommend that Parliament should be moved by the Corporation to legislate on the matter, and that the payment should be settled by arbitration, hinting that probably £33,000,000 might be required.

A new public library for Camberwell was opened in the Old Kent-road on Oct. 18 by Sir E. Clarke, who gave an address on some of the advantages of novel-reading. Mr. G. Livesey having given the site and building, at a cost of £7000, the institution will bear his name. The building includes spacious news and reading rooms, and a hall for the meetings of working-men's clubs. At present there are 6588 volumes in the lending department, and there is also the nucleus of a reference library.

The fifteenth session of the Working Lads' Institute, Whitechapel, was inaugurated in the most successful manner on Oct. 18. That institute, which is under the patronage of her Majesty, is practically a club, college, home, and playground in one, and has been since its foundation a centre of purer and higher life in the neighbourhood. The evening was pleasantly passed by the crowded assemblage, for whom there were provided light refreshments, vocal and instrumental music, a gymnastic display, ventriloquial sketches, lantern exhibition, and so on.

Among several gatherings of Volunteers on Oct. 18, the meeting of public schools Volunteer corps, at Sandhurst, was by no means the least interesting. Manœuvres were conducted by an Eastern and a Western force, the former including representatives from Eton, Harrow, and Dulwich, under the command of Major Donaldson, while the latter was commanded by Major James. Major Stuart-Wortley, a student at the Staff College, was umpire-in-chief. The Victoria and St. George's Rifles, commanded by Colonel Stanley Bird, went by railway to Tunbridge Wells, between which place and Groombridge they had a field-day with the local Volunteers of the 1st Volunteer Battalion Royal West Kent (Colonel Lord Hardinge), on ground lent for the purpose by the Marquis of Abergavenny.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G.G.—Mr. Steinitz, Box No. 2429, New York, will duly find him.

ALPHA.—It is pleasant to receive a letter from a veteran solver like yourself, and still more so to note its complimentary tone.

J.G. GRANT (Baling).—The game you sent seems wrongly copied, at least we cannot play the moves as written down. Will you please send us another copy?

D.R.—If you took half the pains over the problem that you have taken to prove us wrong, you would see the reply to Q takes B is P to Q 4th. Traps seem scarcely necessary to catch simpletons.

M.P.—We are afraid you remain entrapped still. The reply is P to Q 4th.

Dr F St.—Solution of No. 2421 is correct and acknowledged below. No. 2425 is a two-mover, to which you send a mate in three. Kindly let us have a diagram of amended problem.

G. ADAMSON.—We are much obliged for the game, which is a fine one. It shall appear in our next Number.

R. KELLY, CHEVALIER DESANGES, and P. H. WILLIAMS are thanked for their problems, which shall have attention.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2422 received from Jacob Benjamin (Boulay); of No. 2423 from J. W. Shaw (Montreal); of No. 2424 from Dr F St and J. T. Pullen (Lancaster); of No. 2425 from Sergeant W. Sturges (Beverly), Alpha, John G. Grant and J. Lawrence; of No. 2426 from A. Gwinner, Torchesse, J. P. Moon, H. B. Hurford, W. H. Reed (Liverpool), E. W. Brock, D. McCoy (Galway), and B. A. W.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2427 received from W. R. Raitlen, Fr. Fernando (Dublin), E. Louden, M. Burke, J. C. Ireland, John G. Grant, J. T. Pullen, Dawin, Mrs. Kelly of Kelly, Dr F St, Julia Short (Exeter), W. H. Ridgway, A. Gwinner, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Lieut. Colonel Lomax (Brighton), R. Womers (Canterbury), B. D. Knox, N. Harris, Jupiter Junior, Columbus, Martin, P. T. Roberts, A. Newman, W. H. Reed, R. H. Brooks, J. Coad, H. Downes, R. H. Legge, W. Wright, W. R. Fitzmaurice (Strathane), H. B. Hurford, W. R. B. (Plymouth), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), P. G. (Shrewsbury), J. Brown (Torquay), S. Parry (Traunre), B. A. W., L. Schult, E. Bygott, Sorrento, Slindford, F. G. Rowland (Shrewsbury), Z. Ingold, Lieut. Colonel Ryan (Brighton), P. J. Italy, C. E. Perugini, A. T. (Kendal), Craiglockhart, H. Beger, A. D. Parry, W. David (Cardiff), Fitz-Warren, E. Macking, H. S. B. (Ben Rhydding), and Zeno.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2425. By F. HEALEY.

WHITE.

1. Q to Kt 8th.

2. Mates accordingly.

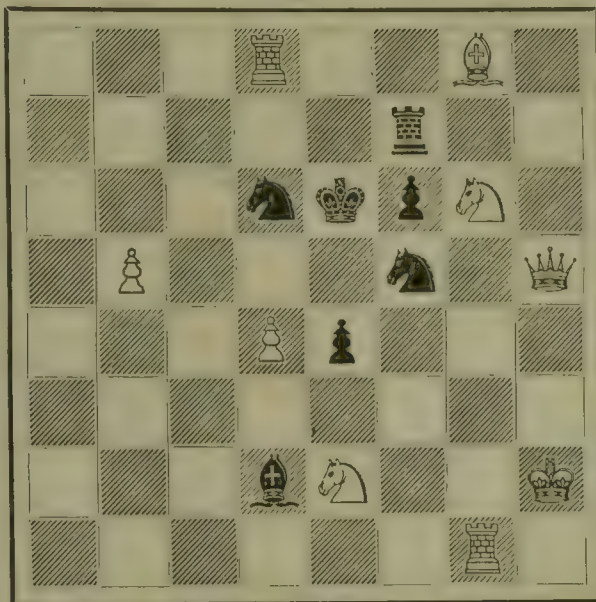
BLACK.

Any move

PROBLEM No. 2429.

By H. E. KIDSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

The match between Dublin and Belfast, for which 108 players entered, has been running a smooth course since June last. Half the number of games have terminated, and the score, so far, is 14 all.

The following, between two lady competitors (Mrs. T. B. ROWLAND, Dublin; Miss PATERSON, Belfast), is one of the games played:—

(Notes by Mr. Rowland.)

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mrs. R.)	BLACK (Miss P.)	WHITE (Mrs. R.)	BLACK (Miss P.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. R takes R (ch)	K takes R
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
3. B to Kt 5th	B to B 4th		
4. P to B 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd		
5. Castles	P to Q 4th		
6. Kt takes P	Castles		

White opens in good style. Here Black wisely avoids the following line continuation, which occurred in the Steinitz v. Golmayo match of 1888, and which gives White a good game: P takes P; 7. Kt takes P, K takes Kt; 8. Q to R 5th (ch), Kt to Kt 3rd; 9. Q takes B, &c.

B takes Kt would also have been good. 7. B takes Kt, P takes B; 8. P takes P, P takes P; 9. P to Q 4th, B to Q 3rd; 10. B to B 4th, &c.

7. Kt to Q 3rd
Q takes Kt
Q takes B
Kt to Kt 3rd

The good style of the opening still kept up. White now has an excellent game.

11. P to K B 4th
P takes P
Q to Q Kt 3rd

Pinning Q P and threatening K P; otherwise it is useless, as it shuts the Q out of play.

At the annual meeting of the Leamington Chess Club, recently held, the hon. sec. reported that the club was making steady and continuous progress. It was unanimously resolved to ask the Speaker—who represents the borough in Parliament—to become president of the club, and much satisfaction has been expressed at his acceptance of the office. Our well-known contributor Signor Aspa takes the vice-presidency.

A new club has been started at Shrewsbury under promising auspices. The president is Dr. De Wolfson, a well-known Edinburgh player, and the hon. sec. is Mr. F. G. Rowland.

Another open handicap—the seventh in number—is being held at Simpson's Divan. The entries include the names of nearly all the well-known London players.

The Chess Monthly for October contains a capital portrait of Mr. D. Y. Mills, the amateur champion, with a sketch of his achievements in the game.

For the "Chess Players' Annual and Club Directory for 1891" the authors, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Rowland, 10, Victoria-terrace, Clontarf, Dublin, invite the following particulars of chess clubs: Town, club name, year established, place of meeting, days, hours, number of members, annual subscription, laws, president, hon. secretary's name and address. Printed forms may be had on application.

The Bishop of Guildford consecrated the West-end Church, Chobham, which has been enlarged, principally to accommodate the boys from the Gordon Home. Towards the fund raised for the enlargement the Bishop of Winchester has contributed £20.

The Right Hon. James P. Bannerman Robertson, Q.C., M.P., Lord Advocate for Scotland, has kindly consented to take the chair at the 226th anniversary festival of the Scottish Corporation Charity, to be held in the Freemasons' Tavern on Nov. 29 next (for St. Andrew's Day). The demands on the funds of this charity are urgent and steadily increasing. This increase is especially marked in the case of those coming up from Scotland in search of employment, and finding themselves destitute. To such a little timely help often means the difference between success and ruin.

KANAKA LABOURERS IN NORTH QUEENSLAND.

The northern portion of the Colony of Queensland, now demanding to be made a separate Australian Province, is situated in tropical latitudes, with a climate and conditions of profitable cultivation utterly different from the older Colonies, demanding the labour of other races than the European. As there are difficulties and objections to the introduction of large numbers either of Chinese or Indian labourers, the sugar plantations and similar undertakings, in some cases started by capitalists at Melbourne, have been supplied with Polynesians—men and boys from different islands of the West Pacific Ocean. In the early years of this practice, it was often attended with grievous abuses on the part of the masters of small colonial vessels engaged in the trade of obtaining such people, who in some instances were forcibly kidnapped, and were often grossly deceived by false promises; but these malpractices have been checked by strict regulations made by the Colonial Legislature and Government, and by the Imperial Government, through an official Protectorate of the islanders, with the powers of High Commissioner, since 1877, exercised by the Governor of Fiji. The system, however, has proved to be unsatisfactory in an economical point of view, and to have a bad effect on the population of the islands. It is to be wholly discontinued at the end of the present year.

A correspondent, Mr. D. Macfarlane, employed as book-keeper on the Pioneer Sugar Estate, on the Lower Burdekin, somewhere inland from Townsville, North Queensland, has sent us a number of photographs taken by himself during six years' residence in that Colony. He was among the first settlers on the Bloomfield River, which falls into Weary Bay, a place notable in history from the fact that Captain Cook, over a hundred years ago, there got his ship, the Endeavour, damaged on a coral reef, and was obliged to throw his guns overboard. Mr. Macfarlane saw a good deal of the savage aboriginal natives of that part of North Australia before their disposition was changed by intercourse with Europeans, and when their depredations, with a way they had of coming at night to spear cattle and horses, provoked frequent hostilities, which now belong to the past. He has since been much among the native black fellows, learned to speak their language, and travelled in the bush with them four or five days at a time.

The character and condition of the "Kanakas," as the imported Polynesian labourers are generally called, would seem to be more interesting at this moment. There are two hundred and fifty of them on the Pioneer Sugar Estate; and we print Mr. Macfarlane's testimony without further comment:—

"The islanders on this estate are happy and contented, and well looked after. They have good houses, made of reeds, and thatch put on very thick, to resemble their island homes. They all have bunks to sleep in, and are supplied with blankets and clothing. Their food is beef, rice, potatoes, and bread, also tea at every meal. Every Saturday each islander gets a piece of soap, and a fig of tobacco and a pipe, if he requires one. Clothes and blankets are given out twice a year. A Government officer pays their wages every six months, and listens to any complaints they may have to make. They have great faith in "Mr. Government," as they call him. An hospital is provided for the sick, where they are attended to by a wardman, and visited twice a week by a doctor. A recruit gets £6 per annum, and £12 if he re-engages; many who have been some years in the colony get £18. Considering that they get house, food, clothing, and medical attendance free, they are really better off than many poor white people. On the last day of this year the recruiting of Polynesian labourers in the islands of the Pacific is to cease for ever."

Dr. James Andrew delivered the annual Harveian oration, on Oct. 18, at the Royal College of Physicians; the chair being occupied by Sir Andrew Clark, president of the college.

The Queen has forwarded her annual subscription of £50 to the Army and Navy Pensioners' Employment Society, of which her Majesty is patron.

The Duchess of Westminster opened a bazaar at Chester, on Oct. 17, in aid of the new church at Saltney, near Hawarden. The Duke of Westminster, Mrs. Gladstone, Miss Helen Gladstone, and Mrs. Drew were also present.

Two fine memorial windows have been placed in the parish church of Leslie, Fifeshire, to the memory of Henrietta, Countess of Rothes. One is erected by the inhabitants and neighbours, and the other by her husband, the Hon. George Waldegrave-Leslie.

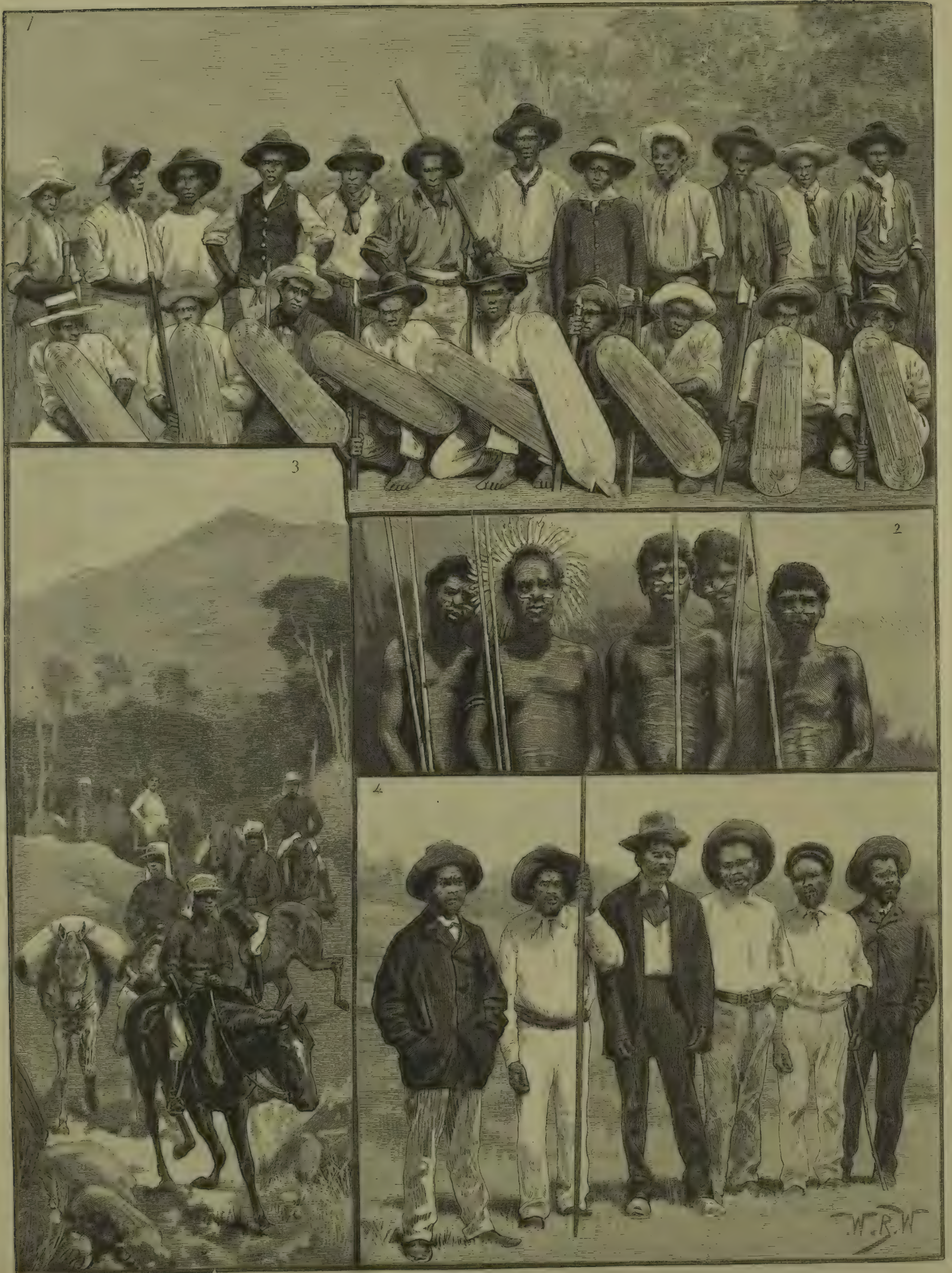
The Earl of Derby officiated, on Oct. 18, at the opening of a village hall and workmen's club, at Knotty Ash, on the outskirts of Liverpool. The building has been erected in the centre of grounds of over two acres in extent, at the cost of Mrs. Yates Thompson, who has set aside £1200 for its endowment.

The members of the Architectural Association held their annual general meeting at 9, Conduit-street, on Oct. 17. Mr. Leonard Stokes, the president, distributed the prizes won during last session in the various classes of the association, and delivered his presidential address. The other speakers included Professor Roger Smith, Mr. Reginald Blomfield, Mr. J. D. Sedding, and Mr. A. N. Earle.

The Mayor of Belfast presided over an influential meeting, held in that city on Oct. 17, to consider a proposal for the construction of a tunnel between Ireland and Scotland. Mr. Barton explained the scheme, which provided for a tunnel thirty-three miles long between the Antrim coast and Wigton-shire, at an estimated cost of eight millions sterling. Resolutions in favour of the construction of a tunnel were adopted, and a committee was appointed to consider the subject.

Memorial-stones of an addition to the Printers' Almshouses at Wood Green were laid on Oct. 18 by Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Mrs. W. H. Collingridge. Her Ladyship expressed her gratification at being permitted to assist at the development of an institution which was to be a home for the benefit of a class of workmen to whom everyone was indebted. In the course of the proceedings Mr. W. H. Collingridge handed to the secretary a cheque for £1000 from an anonymous donor towards the erection and endowment of the new buildings, and other subscriptions were announced to the amount of £3700.

The handsome choir-screen which has been erected in Rochester Cathedral, as a memorial to the Rev. Dr. Scott, the late Dean of Rochester, was unveiled on Oct. 17, additional interest being imparted to the proceedings by the attendance, in civic state, of the Mayor and Corporation and other dignitaries of the city. The screen, which is intended to perpetuate Dean Scott's connection with the Cathedral and city, is an elaborate piece of workmanship, dividing the nave from the choir, and is immediately beneath the large organ, at the head of the flight of steps leading into the choir. The screen contains eight niches, in which are placed sculptured figures, of nearly life-size, of St. Andrew, Bishop Gundulph (the founder of the Cathedral), King Ethelbert, Justus, Paulinus, William de Illoo, Walter Merton, and John Fisher.



1. Kanakas, or Labourers, from the Solomon Islands.

2. Young Men at Weary Bay.

3. Native Police on Patrol.

4. Polynesian Boys who have been six years in Queensland.

SKETCHES FROM NORTH QUEENSLAND.



View in the Passage to the Falls.



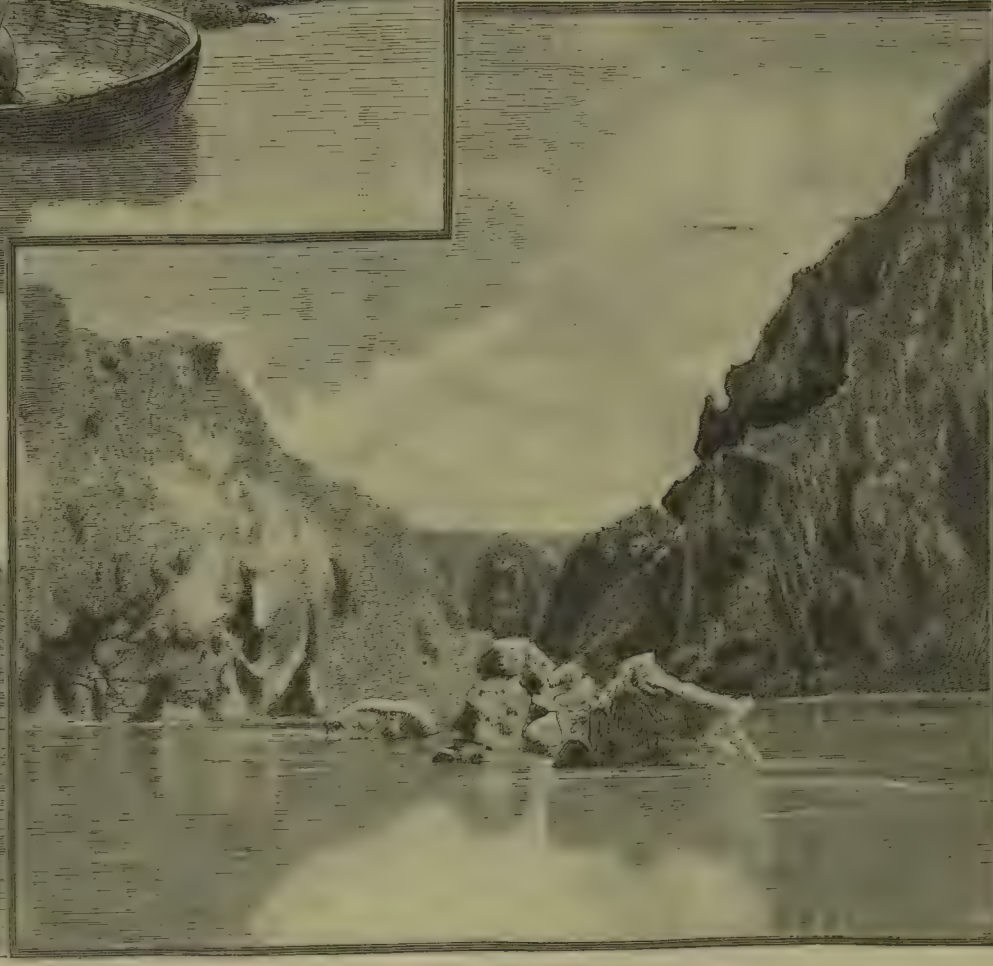
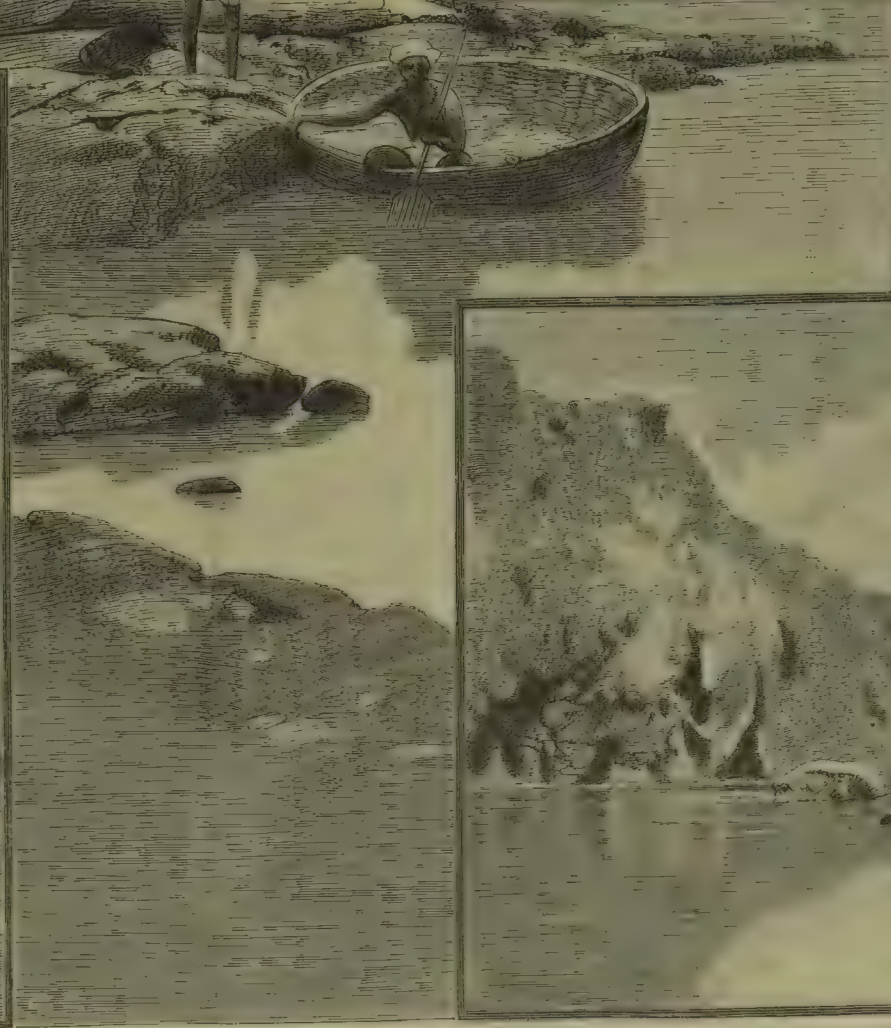
Fishermen and Boat at Hogenkal.



View on the River.



Main Fall at Hogenkal.



View in the Passage to the Falls.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The life of the dramatic critic, like that of the policeman, continues to be anything but a happy one. He has not only to attend the regular evening performances of such new plays as are submitted for public approval, but he has to "sample" derelict dramas at matinées, he has to pronounce judgment on amateur work that has been rejected by every practical manager, and, according to the latest precedent, he has to attend a theatre at eleven o'clock at night, when otherwise he would be free and at peace, in order to hear a manager or manageress ask questions of the public. This last terror is one scarcely to be borne with equanimity, and, if it become popular, it will be necessary to have a bed made up at each of the various theatres or to take a permanent room at some central hotel in order to be ready for the managerial discussion. For instance, a critic is startled when he sees a money-lending Jew called Abramoff by the author, and distinctly called a Jew by one of the leading characters in the Shaftesbury play (Mr. Waller), strangled before his very eyes by the Nihilistic hero; and in less than five seconds after the murder up comes a procession of Greek priests—it matters little whether they are "orthodox" or not—prepared apparently, without invitation, to sing a requiem over the still warm body of the Semitic usurer. Now, if a critic did not point out the absurdity of such an incident he would be scarcely worth his salt. In the first place, the friends of a dead Jew would not send for a Greek priest, orthodox or not, on the occasion of a death by murder or otherwise, simply because, in the estimation of the dead Jew's relatives, the Greek ritual would be of little avail in the ultimate saving of the dead Jew's soul. The "good curtain," as it is called—begging the question whether it is not in reality a very bad curtain—implies a double absurdity. First, that Greek priests, in full canonicals, are kept on tap as it were, and summoned, like the Russian fire brigade, to sing requiems over any heretic that may chance to die; and secondly, that it is "inhuman" of a minister of any religion not to force himself into a dead man's family, whether he is wanted or not. Now, an antagonism of this kind having sprung up between author and critic, who are at direct issue on matters of fact, surely it would be impolitic in the extreme to turn the audience into a jury to decide who is right and who is wrong. It seems to me that the management starts an awkward precedent by asking questions of any audience: in fact, speechifying on the stage has become somewhat of a nuisance. Where is it all to end? While Miss Wallis is at her new game of cross questions and crooked answers, she had better ask whether organs are ever found in Russian churches, or how far the Tosca has been imitated in "The Sixth Commandment," and whether there is, after all, much resemblance in it to the novel that has suggested its main incidents. If audiences, and not exports, are to be asked to decide whether the relatives of dead Jews appreciate the "humanity" of the Greek ritual over the bodies of their dead friends, they may also be asked whether Catholic priests cease not only to be priests, but men of honour, when they have a miraculous revelation imparted to them by means of a flash of lightning when reading the Book of Samuel at a lectern in the vestry! I venture to think I can see through the whole difficulty. Mr. Buchanan, anxious for a telling termination to his first act, and forgetting the murdered man was a Jew, introduced the "popes" and the procession and the requiem. This was an afterthought to secure a good curtain, as it is called, which is very often a clumsy and inartistic effect. Presumably this effect was introduced after the play had been studied and rehearsed; and at the very last moment, in all probability, Mr. De Lange, who is a clever and observant actor, called the author's attention to the fact that his name was Abramoff, and that he was a Jew. So Mr. Waller, who strangled the Jew, was asked to omit on the stage all reference to his enemy's Semitic origin. Unfortunately, Mr. Waller forgot, and called Abramoff a Jew on the first night. Hence these tears. But the facts being as they were, it is a little hard to turn round on the critic, and put the blunder on his shoulders by saying that Abramoff is not a Jew and is nowhere alluded to as a Jew! All I maintain is that, on the evidence of my own ears, Abramoff was called a Jew at the first representation of "The Sixth Commandment." To correct an obvious blunder and to ridicule the critic for frivolous criticism is one of the commonest of modern managerial dodges. A blunder is pointed out on the first night, it is corrected on the second, and then the critic is ridiculed who pointed out the mistake. "What a fool So-and-so is!" at once remarks the innocent manager. "We do nothing of the kind; go to the play and see for yourself!" This occurs over and over again, according to my experience. An actor is court-cously told that he takes a scene too fast or too slow, as the case may be. He takes the hint on the second night, and then with mock innocence appeals to his friends. "Now, is this fair? He says I do so and so. You see I do nothing of the kind—now do I?" Over and over again I have known a play entirely altered after the first night, and yet the manager has not the common honesty to own it, preferring to say and to hint that the critic has said exactly the contrary to what has happened.

Now, to my mind, I consider that Mr. Charles Wyndham, in a very important essential, has altered his reading of John Mildmay, and altered it wholly for the better. As I see it now, it is a different performance to what it was when first given at the Criterion some time back. The actor has in the earlier scenes substituted manliness and a certain reserve of mystery for what appeared at the outset to be an undue lackadaisical tone. I quite see the actor's object as he first read John Mildmay. He wanted deep affection to be the dominant chord, and not strength of character. It was a good idea, but, somehow or other, it did not "come off." He now, with great subtlety and art, shows clearly to the audience what manner of man John Mildmay is—how reserved, how earnest, how affectionate, and how manly; but he keeps the characters wholly in the dark as to his true character. That is the essence of the play. The audience can see that Hawksley, Potter, and Co., Mrs. Sternhold, and the rest of them are mistaking their man. The audience is cleverer than the company. That is the object of the dramatist. That is the intention of the play. By altering his reading Mr. Wyndham has made the play more interesting. Again, Mrs. Bernard-Beere has altered her Mrs. Sternhold wholly for the better. At the outset she, to use a homely colloquialism, "upset the apple-cart." She brought her grand style to bear on the vexed widow, and she literally trampled on the little play. She used so much force that she put the picture out of drawing. She forced tragedy into a very simple and homely little comedy. But Mrs. Beere has changed all that. As a clever critic has already pointed out, she has two styles, two vocal methods. She now uses the softer and gentler one. She has forgotten the Tosca and remembered Mrs. Sternhold, not, indeed, that the actress could ever realise the spiteful, *passive* woman, jealous and on the shelf, that Mrs. Sternhold is intended to be if the play has any meaning at all. But the moderation of tone in Mrs. Sternhold is as valuable to the *ensemble* of the acting as Mr. Wyndham's rejection of the pathetic and sentimental stop in John Mildmay in scenes where

it is not wanted—nay, where it misrepresents the man. Now it is open to Mr. Wyndham and to Mrs. Bernard-Beere to turn round and say: "I never did anything of the kind! I never made John Mildmay a man of sentiment! I never played Mrs. Sternhold tragically! It is you who are mistaken, not we. We play the parts *exactly* as we played them at the outset!"

Well, who is to decide when there are such differences on matters of fact? The critic has only his eyes and ears to guide him. Perhaps the manager will arrange a packed house on a given evening and ask the public to decide. That the decision would be in his favour who could reasonably doubt? C. S.

FALLS OF THE CAUVERY.

The Cauvery River of Southern India, which rises in Coorg, flows eastward through Mysore, and turns in a southerly direction, reaching the sea by the Coleroon and other outlets near latitude 11 deg. 40 min. N., has a course of 472 miles. Its tributaries and branches are numerous, and great tracks of country are periodically inundated by the waters flowing over wide open plains of granitic rock. Between the Mysore tableland and the low country, this river traverses two series of falls; the upper falls, of Gunga Zooka, descending 370 ft., and the lower falls, Bur Zooka, 460 ft., amid grand and picturesque scenery. We have been favoured by Mr. G. H. Hazelton, of Madras, with some photographs of the lower falls, which are near Hogenkal, in the Salem district of the Madras Presidency. The Madras Railway passes to within sixty miles, and the further journey is by bullock-cart. The road from Pennagaram to Hogenkal, nine miles, commands very fine views from the summit of the Ghaut, and descends, winding round hill after hill, presenting many beautiful scenes. Below, the river flows in a rocky channel, about 150 yards wide, between immense boulders, till, approaching the falls, it contracts for one mile to a width of 50 ft., where the rocks of black and marbled granite rise to 100 ft. or 200 ft. in height. The falls can be seen only by descending the river in a boat; and the curious round boat, like a "coracle," is managed with great skill, in the rapids, by one man with a single paddle. Large fish abound in this part of the river. The "Smoking Rock," and the Makal Dât or "Goat's Leap," are most striking features of the scenery at these Falls.

DIOCESAN CONFERENCES.

The Bishop of Peterborough, presiding over the Diocesan Conference in that city, said the Irish question at present blocked the way, but, as soon as it was removed, the war against the Church would be renewed. There was an increasing spirit of unity in the Church, and Churchmen were beginning to see that the assaults upon her from without were as nothing compared with the assaults from within. The Conference discussed the Archbishop of Canterbury's Clergy Discipline Bill, and approved it, with certain amendments. The Bishop moved—"That this Conference regrets that the Government failed, for the fourth time, to pass the Tithe Rent-charge Recovery Bill, and records its opinion that the Government ought to deal with this Bill as a matter of urgency in the next Session of Parliament."

The Bishop of Wakefield, in opening the Diocesan Conference at Halifax, spoke on the question of Ritual, and said he loved best a simple yet very reverent ritual. Differences in minor observances did not affect him much. The real question, however, was as to the lawful limits of ritual, and their enforcement.

The Bishop of Exeter, addressing the Diocesan Conference, referred to the effort being made for the maintenance of voluntary schools. He agreed that where Board Schools had been established they must do their utmost to make the modicum of religious teaching which was allowed in them as efficient as possible. But Churchmen ought never to consent, never could consent, and never would consent to hand over the schools they had built to a body of managers who might banish all definite Church teaching. He asked if something more could not be done to hold out the hand of brotherly kindness to their Nonconformist friends and neighbours. A resolution was carried urging the Government to raise the school grant from 17s. 6d. to 20s., and that public elementary schools be freed from rates. A resolution was passed approving the establishment of brotherhoods as a means of reaching the masses of the people who are beyond the present organisations of the Church. The taking of vows was, however, generally deprecated. Earl Fortescue expressed a fear that the scheme was Romanising in its tendency, and calculated to repel and alienate Nonconformists.

The British Medical Association have accepted the invitation of the Bournemouth medical fraternity to hold their 1891 annual meeting in Bournemouth.

Mr. G. W. L. Marshall Hall, formerly student in the Royal College of Music, has been appointed to the Chair of Music in the University of Melbourne, Victoria.

The Earl of Caithness, who, prior to his succession to the title in 1889, was for many years agent at Aberdeen for the National Bank of Scotland, has been presented with a handsome silver épergne and centrepiece by his Aberdeen townfolk on his leaving them to take up his residence in London.

As Lord Mayor's Day this year falls on Sunday, Nov. 9, it is announced that the customary procession from the City to the Royal Courts of Justice, and thence by the Embankment to the Guildhall, will take place on the following day. As far as the arrangements have progressed the procession will be of exceptional interest. The military element is to be a special feature.

The committee of the Actors' Benevolent Fund have selected the afternoon of Saturday, Oct. 25, as the date upon which Mr. Clement Scott is to repeat his lecture, "Thirty Years at the Play." The reading takes place at the Garrick Theatre, and Mr. Henry Irving will say a few words by way of introduction. On behalf of the same fund, Miss Cissy Grahame gave a matinée of "The Judge" and "Barbara" at the Opéra Comique on the 22nd.

The annual report of the Managing Committee of the British School at Athens shows that, although unsupported by Government aid, as the French or German Institutes, it has managed to carry on a very considerable and useful work. Its annual income does not amount to £450 per annum, but with this sum it has established itself in the Greek capital, and serves as a rallying-point for numerous archaeologists and students. Out of its small capital, moreover, it has been able to make a grant of upwards of £300 to explore the interesting city of Megalopolis, where are the ruins of a once-famous theatre of remarkable beauty; while a further sum of £100 has been given to Messrs. Schutz and Barnsley to make a set of drawings of the Byzantine Churches of Greece. It is to be hoped that the projected visit of these gentlemen to Mount Athos was made before the recent fire, which played such havoc among the shrines and groves of that famous mountain.

KEEPING SECRETS.

In the conversation which Agur, the son of Jakeh, is recorded to have held with Ithiel and Ucal, there is a mention of difficult things: "There be three things," says Agur, "which are too wonderful for me; yea, four which I know not." He subsequently mentions what they are. Had the parameiast lived in the present day, he might have added a fifth—a wonderful thing, "and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping"—a man who can keep a secret. Though the word "man" be supposed to include the whole human race, old men and maidens, young men and children—still the difficulty remains, and the man whose tongue does not leak may be considered in his generation worthy of all wonder, and a black swan indeed.

Seeing that this is so, it becomes a question whether one should ever place sufficient confidence in another to make that other the depository of a secret. As the deposit is, most usually, solely for the benefit or satisfaction of the depositor, the law would not consider the depository liable, except in case of gross negligence, for any harm which might accrue to the secret, or the original possessor, by its promulgation. Public opinion seems to have followed the law, and pursues the man who has been guilty of a breach of unsought confidence with but a feeble Nemesis. As the keeping of secrets is a rare quality, people should hesitate to confide them. A secret in joint tenancy is no secret. Two may keep counsel, putting one away. "Keep your own counsel" is a golden rule.

But it has been said that all things should be common among friends, that nothing should be reserved or hidden—in a word, that friendship should be as naked as love. This remark belongs to the region of the true and the beautiful, but by no means to that of the politic or the useful. It is a remark, in the words of Mr. Weller sen., "werging on the poetical." It is flowery. It had its birth, and should have had also its death, in the Golden Age. It is by no means suited to an epoch for which no metal is base enough to afford a name. Communism of goods, it is true, seems to have prevailed in the dawn of Christianity, but even in that hopeful time a communism of thoughts does not appear to have been demanded or imagined. It has also been said, with considerable truth, that trust and faith are intimately connected, and have, indeed, a mutual dependence. Unhappily, however, the former does not always meet with the latter, otherwise the habit of communication would be as safe as it is seductive. But, above all things, it is unwise, having deposited a secret in trust, to exhibit any overt doubt as to the faith of the depository. Such a course of procedure can do no good, for the words have flown irrevocably, and it may, and probably will, lead to evil, for suspicion provokes disloyalty, and creates an inclination to betray; while treachery already waking is again charmed to slumber by open confidence. Many there are who have communicated their thoughts and sentiments, their hopes and fears to others, and have made these faithful only by treating them as such. The ardent nobility of the *cestui qui trust*, who scorns to suspect, is reflected in the paler nobility of the trustee who scorns to betray, as the beams of the greater light are reflected in those of the lesser. "Be not jealous," says the Oriental aphorism, "against the wife of thy bosom, lest thou teach her an evil lesson against thyself." Not a few, through their fear of being deceived, have taught others to deceive. These last observations, however, are of an *ex post facto* character, and apply to the treatment of the person to whom a secret has been entrusted, and not to the propriety of so entrusting it. But it may be said, against communicating or for keeping a secret, that it is absurd to suppose another to whom the secret may be of little or no consequence will keep the matter which you, to whom it may be of the greatest consequence, cannot keep. *Alium silere*, says the Latin grammar, *quod vales, primum sile*. Such is the chief rule of human prudence, a rule in which the wisdom of the children of Mammon in their generation is shown to surpass that of the children of light. "What a fool," says Autolycus, "is honesty, and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman." The wisdom of serpents is not in him, nor in his kindred.

Another argument against the ventilation of secrets is afforded by the extreme rarity of fit depositories. Solomon evidently appears to have considered a faithful man as a creature of an ideal world. "A faithful man who can find?" The faith which is required to keep an entrusted secret is not generally in danger from any moral obliquity. It is not generally a consideration of his own advantage which induces a man to betray the secret of his friend; rather it is the cacoethes of talking, or that infection of mind which babbles secrets to a deaf pillow. As taciturnity is said to be a chief characteristic of the mad portion of mankind, so loquacity may be said to be that of the sane. It is this garrulous habit which leads to an interchange of meteorological remarks between two who meet by chance, who have no interest in common, and having little to say on this, have nothing to say to one another on any other subject under the sun; and it is this same habit which divulges secrets, and separates chief friends. It is the condition of him who was pregnant with the secret of Midas, who after much labour hid his untimely birth beneath the ground whereon after the whispering reeds grew. There are few without it—the retired, the deep, the dark are inspired with it, as Echo haunts the deepest and most solitary cave. Those who are troubled with the disease can no more resist its insidious attacks than the King and all the Royal family and the lords of his council and all the nobility could refrain from dancing in the story when the magic pipe was played. It is the glory of nature to conceal a matter, but it is the happiness of mankind to declare a secret.

But, supposing we are fortunate enough to find this black swan not even singing at his own death, is it prudent to give ourselves up to him as bond-slaves during his life—for a certain amount of the feeling of slavery is always experienced by the man who unwarily commits his secret even to a black swan. As all human things are liable to change, so the black swan may at some time betray the secret committed to his charge—a consideration which militates against our supreme repose. But no fly ever enters into the mouth of the prudent who keeps his own counsel—"in boca cerrada no entra mosca." It is the wise man whose tongue is in his heart, who is practised in the Pythagorean *ευσωβια*.

Still, notwithstanding the Italian proverb "Il poco mangiare e'l poco parlare non fecero mai male," no man is called upon to become a modern Harpocrates, to conceal the most trifling incident from his own shirt collar, or to forget the story of the silent Amyclæ.

J. M.

Sir Cecil Clementi Smith, K.C.M.G., has been appointed her Majesty's High Commissioner for the territories of the British North Borneo Company, Brunei, and Sarawak.

At a captains' meeting of the Oxford University Boat Club Lord Amptill was re-elected president; Rev. W. E. Sherwood, Christ Church, treasurer; and Mr. R. P. Rowe, Magdalen, secretary. The fours were fixed for Nov. 4 and 7, and the trials for Nov. 29.

FOR

ACHES and PAINS. ELLIMAN'S
Universal Embrocation.
ACHES and PAINS. ELLIMAN'S
Universal Embrocation.
ACHES and PAINS. ELLIMAN'S
Universal Embrocation.
ACHES and PAINS. ELLIMAN'S
Universal Embrocation.

FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club.
"Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

STRENGTHENS THE MUSCLES.

From "Victorina," "The Strongest Lady
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"It not only relieves pain, but it strengthens the
nerves and muscles."

ELLIMAN'S for Rheumatism.
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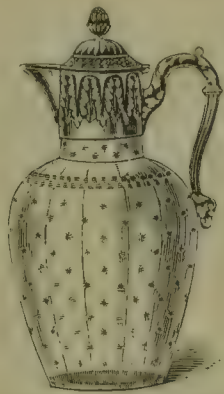
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MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Again has Covent-Garden Theatre opened its doors for operatic performances. Mr. Augustus Harris's memorable season (his third occupancy of the theatre for operatic performances) opened on May 19 last and closed on July 28, and was soon followed by Mr. Freeman Thomas's series of Promenade Concerts, which were carried on from Aug. 9 to Oct. 4; and now we have the same theatre occupied by Signor Lago, who has before been favourably known in a similar capacity in association with the same building. The gentleman just named inaugurated a new season on Oct. 18. His arrangements and engagements have already been commented on, and we have now merely to notice the opening of the new season.

The opera chosen for the occasion was Verdi's "Aida." This work was commissioned by the Viceroy of Egypt for the opening of the Opera-House at Cairo, where it was produced in 1871. It was given at Milan in 1872, and was produced at our Royal Italian Opera-House in 1876. The two principal female characters, Aida and Amneris, have been represented, respectively, by some of the greatest singers of the day. The work itself has been so often performed and commented on in this country, as well as abroad, that slight comment is now sufficient. The music is chiefly in that declamatory style that is the predominant characteristic of Verdi's later operas, which offers scarcely any examples of those ear-catching melodies by which his popularity was largely obtained. His recent works, however, contain abundant opportunity for impassioned vocalisation and histrionic skill. In the recent representation, with which we are now concerned, the two prominent characters just specified were sustained by the sisters Ravogli—Mdlle. S. Ravogli as Aida, and Mdlle. G. Ravogli as Amneris. The ladies, who made their first appearance in England on this occasion, have obtained great success abroad in principal parts in grand opera, and their performances now referred to justified the favourable reports which had preceded them. The representative of Aida possesses a bright soprano voice, good expression alike in sentimental and declamatory passages, and her stage presence and action are graceful even when the situation is most impassioned. Mdlle. G. Ravogli has a good mezzo-soprano voice, capable both of sentimental and energetic expression, and her dramatic capacity is far above the average. Both the ladies made a highly favourable expression in the earliest scenes of the opera, and this was greatly enhanced by their excellent rendering of the important duet for the two in the second act, the effect produced having been sustained in subsequent principal situations. The future appearances of these ladies will be watched with interest. Signor Giannini appeared as Radamés. He had been heard here some years ago, at an early period of his career, since when his powers have much developed. He gave the impassioned music of Aida's lover with great effect, especially in the demonstrative passages; his possession of a high chest range having told remarkably well. An important feature in the cast was the Amonasro of Signor Galassi, an excellent artist, whose high merits have been conspicuous in our opera stage in several past seasons. In the vindictive character of the savage King Signor Galassi again manifested histrionic powers such as are rarely combined with vocal accomplishments. The versatility of this artist is among the many merits which render him a valuable member of an operatic company. The cast was in other respects also commendably filled; among the subordinate representatives having been Signor

Fiognà (the King), Signor Rinaldini (a messenger), and Signor Merolles (Ramfis). A full orchestra (led by Mr. Carrodus) and a sufficient chorus gave effect to their respective portions of the score—and, altogether, including the efficient display of stage splendour, there were none of the usual signs of cheap prices. The onerous duties of conductor were worthily fulfilled by Signor Bevigiani, whose skill and experience are valuable aids in an operatic scheme. The house was well filled; and, in the stalls, but very few visitors seemed to have availed themselves of the freedom from the usual restrictions to evening dress. With performances so good as that of the opening night, and with the moderate scale of prices adopted, it would be an injustice if Signor Lago's season should not prove a highly successful one.

THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

Some further remarks must be added to our previous notice of this celebration, which closed on Friday evening, Oct. 17, and included some features that occurred too late for comment until now. The novelty specially produced at Norwich was Dr. Parry's new cantata, "L'Allegro ed il Penseroso," composed expressly for the festival. It was a somewhat bold step to choose a subject that had previously been associated by Handel with music much of which ranks among his best productions. However, success justifies daring, and in this instance Dr. Parry has produced a work that manifests sufficient merit to render it acceptable without subjecting it to disparaging criticisms. The general style is clear, well defined, and free from the exaggerations of the most recent manifestations of the German school, while yet containing much (especially in the details of orchestral colouring) that removes it from any effect of old-fashioned formalism or commonplace. Dr. Parry's music is such as may fairly be called English, and will doubtless be in much request with choral societies. The vocalists were Miss Macintyre and Mr. A. Marsh. Want of space prohibits more detailed comment. This is the less to be regretted, inasmuch as the work will soon have to be again spoken of, in reference to its London performance.

A novelty, as far as Norwich was concerned, was Dr. Mackenzie's incidental music composed for the drama of "Ravenswood" recently produced at the Lyceum Theatre. These instrumental pieces now take the form of a "suite," comprising a prelude and three entr'actes, under the title of Scott's novel "The Bride of Lammermoor"; its first concert performance having been at Norwich. The prelude is deeply impressive, and suggestive of the sombre interest of the drama which it was written to precede. The entr'actes are, generally, in a brighter tone, and offer some good contrasts to the preceding music. The "Ravenswood" music and Dr. Mackenzie's cantata "The Dream of Jubal" (which followed it) were conducted by the composer. Other features of the festival need not be dwelt on. Besides the principal solo vocalists already mentioned, the programme contained the names of Madame Nordica, Misses Damian and M'Kenzie, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. M. Humphreys, Mr. B. Davies, Mr. Henschel, Mr. Novara, and Mr. Brockbank, Miss Julia Neilson having delivered the recitations in "The Dream of Jubal."

The festival performances have been generally worthy of the music. The band was led by Mr. G. Betjemann; Dr. H. Hill was the chorus-master; Dr. Bennett presided at the organ; and Mr. Randegger acted as conductor, excepting in those pieces which were directed by their respective composers.

THE BRISTOL FESTIVAL.

This celebration is of much more recent origin than those of Worcester and Norwich, which have lately preceded it. At present we can only draw attention to the prominent features of the arrangements for the Bristol Festival, which was fixed to take place, at the Colston Hall, from Oct. 22 to 25, inclusive. A full band and a grand chorus were associated with some of our most eminent solo vocalists, and the conductor was Sir Charles Hallé. The list of works performed, although comprising no novelty, included music of high and permanent value.

The second of the new series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace, on Oct. 18, included the performance of a clever overture composed by Miss E. M. Smyth. It is entitled "Antony and Cleopatra," and is highly suggestive of the incidents intended to be illustrated. At the same concert Mr. L. Borthwick's brilliant pianoforte-playing was displayed, principally in M. Saint-Saëns's second concerto. Madame Tavary, the eminent prima donna, was the vocalist, and especially distinguished herself by a fine rendering of the great soprano scena from Weber's "Oberon."

Señor Sarasate's orchestral concert at St. James's Hall, on Oct. 18, included his brilliant violin performances in a concerto by Bernard, that by Herr Max Bruch in G minor, and shorter pieces. Mr. W. G. Cousins conducted.

The first pianoforte recital of Master Isidore Pavia took place recently at St. James's Hall. The lad (said to be only fifteen years old) is of English birth, although of foreign extraction. His performances of a series of pieces of different styles and periods displayed much facile execution and great powers of memory. There can be little doubt that, with the progress of intellectual development, he will occupy a distinguished position among pianists.

A provincial festival of recent institution is that of Cheltenham, which will be held for the second time, beginning on Oct. 28. Like most of our provincial festivals, that at Cheltenham has a benevolent purpose—that of affording aid to local benevolent institutions. The arrangements are on a liberal and copious scale.

Madame Annette Essipoff gave, on Oct. 23, the first of four concerts at Steinway Hall.

MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Sir Charles Grant, K.C.S.I., with Lady Florence Harris, daughter of the late Admiral Sir Edward Harris, and sister to the Earl of Malmesbury, took place on Oct. 15 in St. Michael's Church, Sunninghill, Berkshire. There were six bridesmaids, all children—namely, Miss Daisy Baillie and Miss Rose Carew, nieces of the bride; the Hon. Molly Manners, her cousin; Countesses Irene and Elsa Lützow, and Mdlle. Irene de Brien. The Hon. Henry Littleton attended the bridegroom as best man. The bride was led to the altar by her brother, the Earl of Malmesbury.

Lieut.-Colonel H. Trotter, her Majesty's Consul-General in Syria, was married to Miss Olivia Wellesley, only daughter of Admiral Sir George and Lady Wellesley, in St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, on Oct. 15. Colonel Firebrace accompanied the bridegroom as groomsmen; and the bridesmaids were Miss Mansfield Clarke, Miss Evelyn Cammell, Miss Valerie Wellesley, and Miss Ventris Coward, cousins of the bride, and Miss Evelyn Trotter, niece of the bridegroom. Sir George Wellesley gave his daughter away.

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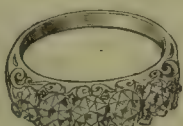
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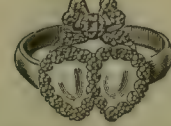
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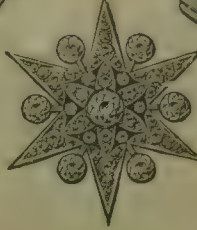
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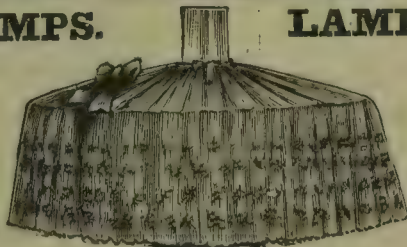
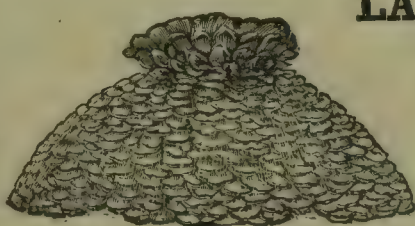
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

There is general regret felt in London society at the news that the Pastel Exhibition is likely to be the last ever held at the Grosvenor Gallery. The pretty rooms, good in shape and nicely lighted, and the artistic red walls, that were never too completely covered with frames for the effect of the pictures and of the walls both to be perceived, made up a charming gallery, the private views in which were certainly the most interesting functions of their kind. Nowhere else were you so sure of actually seeing everybody who might be there; and nowhere else did handsome dresses and pretty faces show to such advantage. But the Grosvenor Club promises to be more profitable as a tenant for the entire building than the successive exhibitions of pictures, and so the private view of Oct. 17 was probably the last of its kind.

Celebrities were few; except the artists whose works were on the walls, there were hardly any notable folks. Some excellent work by women is there. Miss Anna Bilinska, the Polish artist trained in Paris, does work as strong and individualistic as any man's; and Miss Florence Small, Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, Mrs. Jopling, and other ladies have sent contributions of mark, superior, as a whole, to the common run of women's pictures.

It is a curious fact that, though women of all nations are admitted in Paris to the State schools of medicine and of law, the fine art school, which most people would think so much the more suitable to be open, is closed still to the sex. An attempt is now being made to open it. Madame Léon Bertaux, the President of the Ladies' Art Association, has succeeded in obtaining a favourable report on the idea both from the council of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts and the Minister whose subject it is. It might, therefore, be supposed that the thing was as good as settled. But there are still many obstacles. The two chief objections raised are that new studios would have to be built for ladies, and that, if a woman won the chief award of the school, the Prize of Rome, she could not with propriety avail herself of it by going, in accordance with its provisions, to reside in the Villa Medici, where she would be alone with the male winners of the same honour. The last seems an argument fetched from a considerable distance; and, if the first objection were not more potent, the matter would, no doubt, soon terminate in the same advantages that are given to male students being afforded to the countrywomen of Madeleine Lemaire and Rosa Bonheur.

Our own Academy schools were only opened to women by "a fluke." Students are admitted to those schools by the judgment of the Council on trial drawings that they send in.

One drawing which was selected was signed simply "L. Herford." In like manner the name was filled in on the certificate given of the genuineness of the work by the well-known private art teacher, Mr. Heatherley, in whose studio it had been done. Great was the surprise—and, sooth to say, the chagrin—of many of the Council when Miss Laura Herford presented herself to take up the scholarship. There was some question about admitting her, but ultimately it was decided that she must be allowed to receive the advantage awarded to her on her merits; and so women were admitted to our R.A. school. Mr. Heatherley was the greatest sufferer from the stratagem to which he had generously given his aid, for his school was steadily boycotted for some time by many men important in the world of art, who had previously been wont to visit and recommend the institution.

I listened attentively, during the obsequies of the famous woman preacher of the Salvation Army, for any breath of public opinion adverse to women appearing in the pulpit. There was none. Though there were abundant expressions of distaste for the treatment given to her poor remains, nobody ventured to say that this was a woman who had sinned in standing up to teach and preach the gospel. Yet nothing can be more precise than the prohibition of such an act by St. Paul. It is a curious inquiry how the women who preach, and who at the same time declare that they accept the inspiration of the Apostle, get over that passage. In America there are many women regularly fully appointed pastors to churches in various denominations. Here, we have not one such case; but the Quakers have always accepted women as ministers, and some other sects have allowed them to preach. Mrs. Ormiston Chant has conducted the regular service in English Congregational and Wesleyan chapels; Mrs. Reany constantly took her husband's place in his pulpit at Stepney Congregational Chapel; and there are other instances.

How do you think they get round the apostolic inhibition? Well, I asked a famous woman preacher among the "Friends" once that question, and in the quaint, ungrammatical language of the sect she thus solved the problem: "Thee errs in thinking that the Lord left off direct speaking to men with Paul. If thee hears the voice of God in thy heart, and It bids thee minister, that is the command which thee must obey. The women for whom the spirit spake through Paul doubtless had no contrary command to that which was given them through him; but thee is not, therefore, to bury thy talent to-day in a napkin, if thee feels called to speak." Another line of defence I heard from America, when a lady pastor pointed out that St. Paul himself admitted that he sometimes spoke "as a fool"—that is, without divine authority; and she claimed

that this must have been one of those occasions, for the ministry of women would not be blessed as it often is if it were not divinely "suffered." She added that the translators of the Epistles have obscured counsel on this point by translating one and the same word as "servant" when it is applied to women (as "Phoebe, servant of the Church at Cenchrea") and "minister" when it is applied to men. Another theory is that the command did not apply to what we now mean by preaching, but simply to the public arguments and discussions about points of doctrine which were then common.

Most plausible, however, was the explanation given by the late Henry Ward Beecher of how he could reconcile himself at once to St. Paul and to women speaking in the churches. The apostolic prohibition of female preachers appears twice, once in the Epistle to the Corinthians (Greeks) and once in that to Timothy, also a Greek. Now, in ancient Greece, at that time, it is matter of history that there were women who taught publicly. Aspasia, the teacher of the greatest of Greek statesmen and orators, Pericles, was only a type of her cultured and brilliant class; but, unfortunately, the very celebrity and influence which these women possessed was, as St. Paul says, "a shame." The respectable women, the mothers of families and mistresses of men's homes, lived in almost zenana-like seclusion, and for them to come forth from that privacy was to lose reputation, and to be confounded with the immoral of their sex. St. Paul's warning to his female converts to "keep silence in the churches" because "it is a shame for women to speak in the churches" simply referred to the scandal which the heathen would raise if Christian women should lift their voices in public. The prohibition applied, therefore, to that state of society in which the Greek women lived, and to that alone, and is not elsewhere applicable. Ingenious, is it not?

But, for my part, I don't believe it a bit. I am sure that St. Paul meant the subjection of women in the Church; that the most eloquent and spiritually powerful woman was to sit meekly silent listening, while all the men in the church "prophesied" and "spoke with tongues" one after the other; and that only the "Friend" who dares face the difficulty and receive the command of her own consciousness as of the higher and more immediate authority, is logically on safe ground as a woman preacher.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Major R. V. Dickens was installed on Oct. 18 as a Military Knight upon the Royal Foundation at Windsor Castle.

The Duke of Fife has disposed of another of his most productive outlying properties near Elgin to Sheriff Black, who had bought other portions of the Fife Estate.

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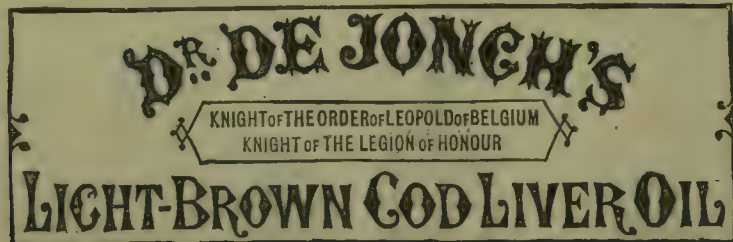
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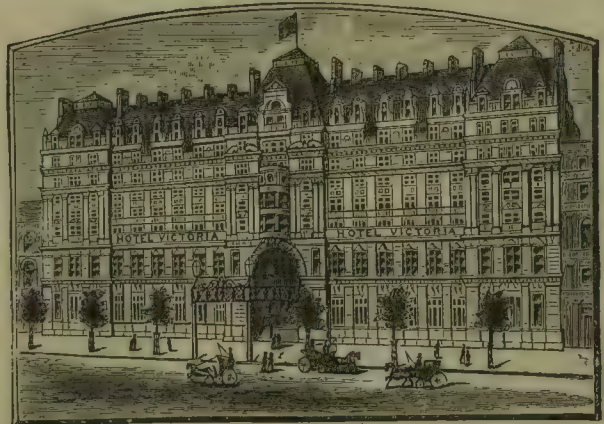
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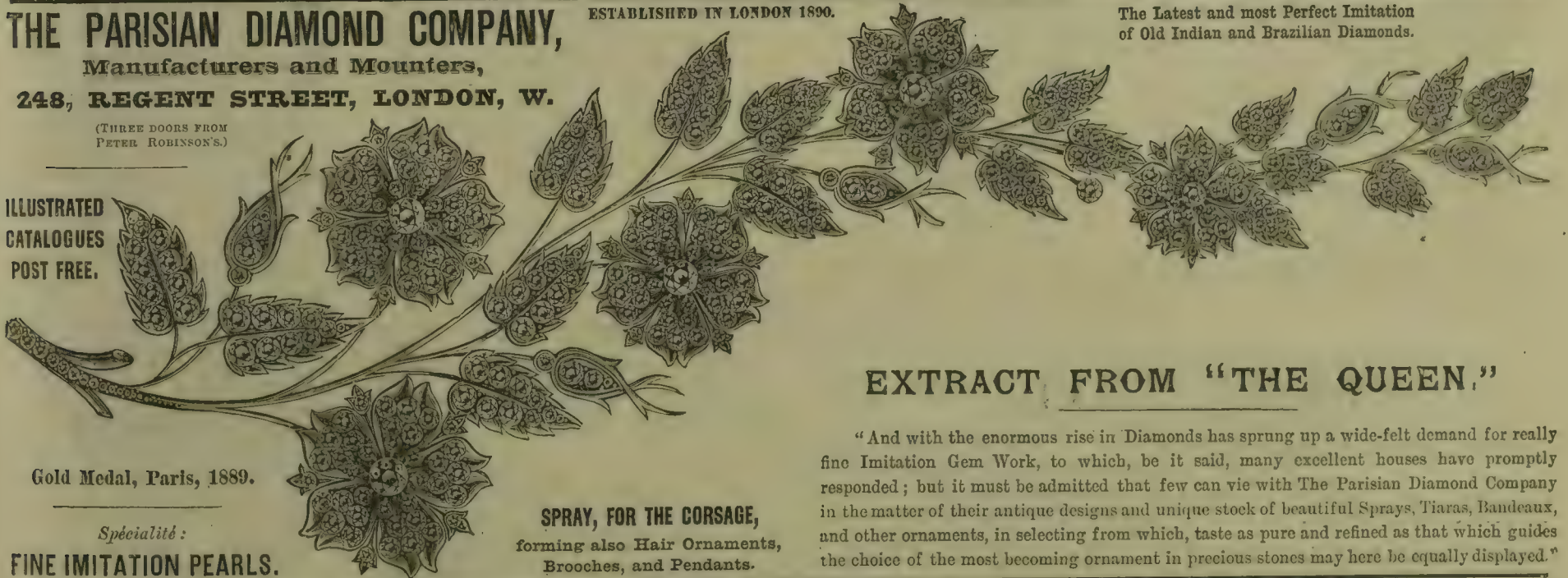


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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 12, 1889) of Lady Anna Maria Head, widow of the late Sir Edmund Walker Head, Bart., K.C.B., Governor-General of Canada, formerly of 62, Eccleston-square, and late of 91, Onslow-square, who died on Aug. 25 last, at Oak Lea, Shere, Guildford, was proved on Oct. 4 by Miss Amabel Jane Head, the daughter, and Miss Harriot Yorke, the niece, two of the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £39,000. The testatrix bequeaths her furniture, plate, pictures, jewellery, articles of virtue, household effects, horses and carriages to her daughter, Amabel Jane; £200 to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Harriot Yorke; and £50 to her said niece, Harriot Yorke. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves equally between her daughters, Caroline Herbert and Amabel Jane Head.

The will of Lady Cecilia Des Vœux (widow of the late Sir Charles Des Vœux, Bart.), late of Oldfield Lodge, Maidenhead, Berks, who died on Aug. 23 last, was proved on Oct. 6 by Mrs. Cecilia Louisa Slade, Augusta Anne Lady Sandys, and Dame Mary Gertrude Stracey, the daughters, the executrices, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2000 to her daughter, Mrs. Slade; £5000 to her grandson and godson Cecil Slade; £1000 to her granddaughter, Alice Slade; £200 each to her grandsons Reginald and Frederick Slade; £100 to her nephew, William Henry Milligan; and there are specific bequests to daughters and granddaughters. The residue of her property she leaves equally between her said three daughters.

The will (dated Feb. 8, 1889) of Mr. David Davies, J.P., M.P. for Cardiganshire from 1874 to 1886, late of Broneirion, Llandinam, Montgomeryshire, who died on July 20 last, was proved on Oct. 11 by Edward Davies, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £404,000. The testator gives his house and premises, Broneirion, with the gardens and lands occupied therewith, and all his household furniture, books, pictures, household effects, farming stock and implements, horses, carriages, and outdoor effects, and £1200 per annum, to his wife, Mrs. Margaret Davies, for life; £500 each to fourteen nephews and nieces; and annuities of £26 each to a nephew and niece. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said son.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1887), with two codicils (dated June 31 and Aug. 28, 1890), of Mr. John Coghlan, formerly of Buenos Ayres, afterwards of 26, Onslow-gardens, and late of

12, Bolton-gardens, who died on Sept. 14 last, was proved on Oct. 4 by Charles Oxtoby Barker and James Borwick Davison, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £50,000. The testator bequeaths £6000, upon trust, for his sister, Anne Coghlan, for life, and then for Catherine Fitzgerald; and other legacies. He directs the residue of his estate and effects to be divided into forty parts, five of which he gives to the said Catherine Fitzgerald, eight to Fanny Barker, and the remaining shares are divided among twelve other persons.

The will (dated July 16, 1887), with two codicils (dated Jan. 12, 1888, and March 25, 1889), of Miss Maria Marianne Daly, late of 18, Oakley-square, Regent's Park, who died on Aug. 24 last, at Westgate-on-Sea, was proved on Oct. 9 by Ernest Augustus Tietkens and Charles Albert de Manchu, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £41,000. The testatrix gives numerous legacies, most of them of considerable amount, and leaves the residue of her property to the said Ernest Augustus Tietkens.

The will (dated Nov. 9, 1875) of Mrs. Elizabeth Baynes (widow of General Arthur Simcox Baynes), late of 2, Strada S. Maria Casal Tarxien, Malta, who died on Aug. 20 last, was proved on Oct. 2 by Lieut.-General George Edward Baynes and Lieut.-General Robert Stuart Baynes, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £40,000. The testatrix bequeaths £3000, upon trust, for her sister, Susanna Ormsby, for life; and an annuity of £30 to her maid, Martha Greich, for life. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to the said Lieut.-General G. E. Baynes and Lieut.-General R. S. Baynes, and Frances Baynes, the nephews and niece of her late husband.

The will (dated Jan. 26, 1886) of Mr. Thomas Salisbury Donne, late of Castle Cary, Somersetshire, manufacturer, who died on May 16 last, was proved on Oct. 8 by John Stephens Donne, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £39,000. The testator gives his furniture and effects, £500 (she paying his funeral expenses thereof), and an annuity of £300 to his wife, Mrs. Harriet Donne; a freehold dwelling-house, with two closes of land and an orchard, to his wife, for life; then, as to one moiety, to his said son, John Stephens Donne, and as to the other moiety, to his five grandchildren, the children of his late son, William Stephens Donne; £1000 each to his son, John Stephens Donne, and to Susan, the widow of his said late son; and one moiety of the Higher Flax-Mills, and one half of his moiety

in the machinery, stock-in-trade, and book debts, upon trust, for his grandsons, William Stephens Donne and Thomas Salisbury Donne. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one half to his said five grandchildren, and one half to his said son, John Stephens Donne.

The will (dated Nov. 17, 1883) of Mr. William James Wright Ingham, barrister-at-law, late of Lincoln's Inn, and of Poppleton Hall, Yorkshire, who died on July 21 last, at 98, Cambridge-street, Eccleston-square, was proved on Oct. 11 by Miss Mary Ingham, the sister, Richard Richardson, and Herbert Wyatt Davies, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £32,000. The testator bequeaths £50 to his executor Mr. H. W. Davies. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one half, upon trust, for his sister Mrs. Margaret Ann Richardson, for life, and then for her issue as she shall appoint; and one half, upon trust, for his sister Mary Ingham, for life, and then for her issue as she shall appoint.

The will of Mr. William Henry John Greenwood, late of Brookwood Park, Alresford, in the county of Southampton, who died on July 24 last, on board his yacht the Gabrielle, at Southampton, was proved on Oct. 2 by Miss Emily Mary Annette Greenwood, and Mrs. Eveline Mary Higgins, the sisters, the executrices, the value of the personal estate exceeding £7000.

Miss C. H. Graham and Miss Anna Baumler, formerly students of the London School of Medicine for Women, have been appointed lady doctors under the Countess of Dufferin's Fund in India. The former will serve at Rangoon, and the latter at Lahore.

The surplus arising out of the late meetings at Bangor of the Royal National Eisteddfod Association is returned at a little over £500. It has been decided to apportion it between the National Eisteddfod Association, the Anglesey and Carnarvonshire Infirmary, the Clio industrial training-ship, and the North Wales Scholarship Association.

The twelfth annual Brewers' Exhibition, which was opened on Oct. 20 at the Agricultural Hall, is one of the most representative shows of the kind ever held. There are upwards of three hundred exhibitors, representing all classes connected with the brewing interest. A large number of visitors patronised the exhibition in the course of the day.—Sir Harry Bullard presided at the annual dinner of the County Brewers' Society, held on the same day at the Hôtel Métropole.

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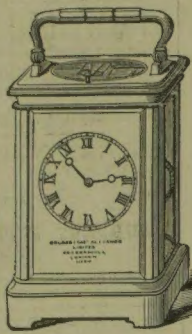
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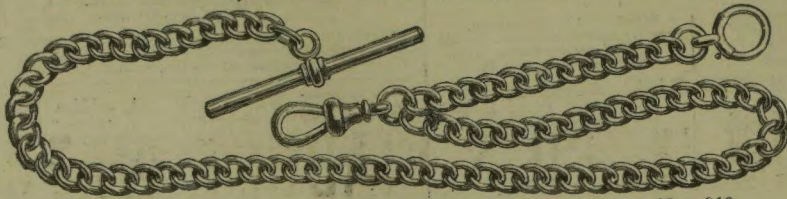
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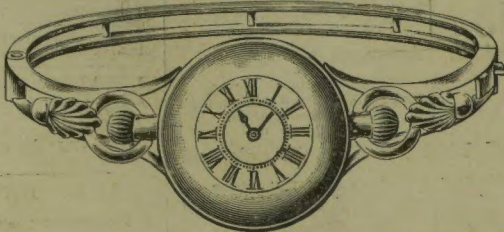


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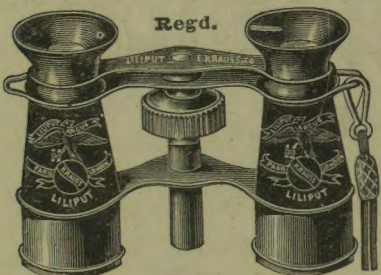
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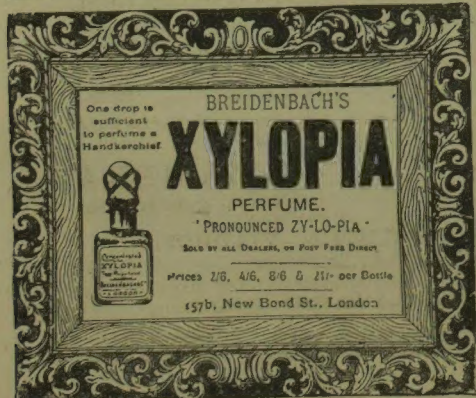
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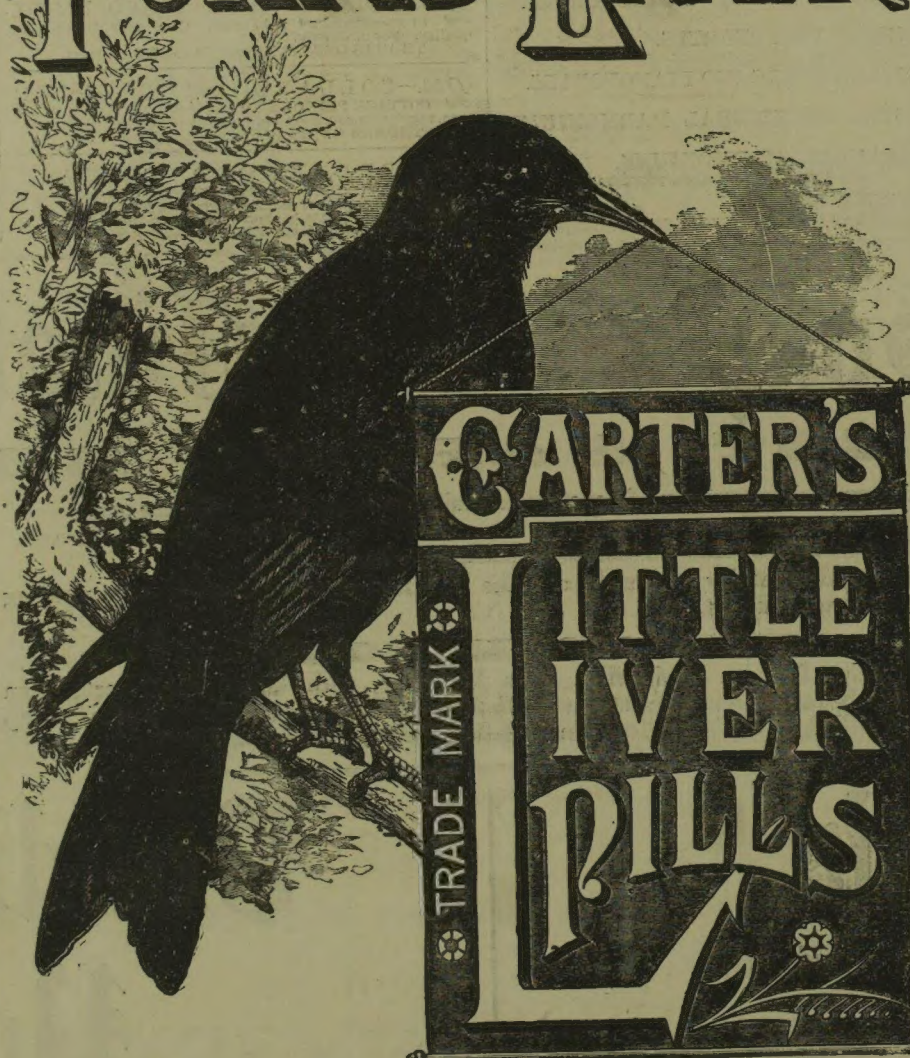
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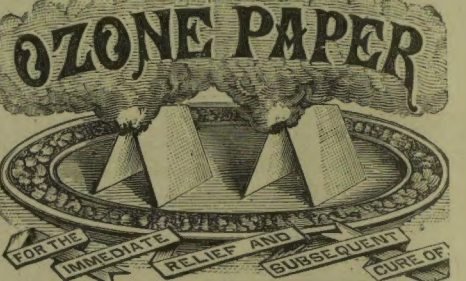
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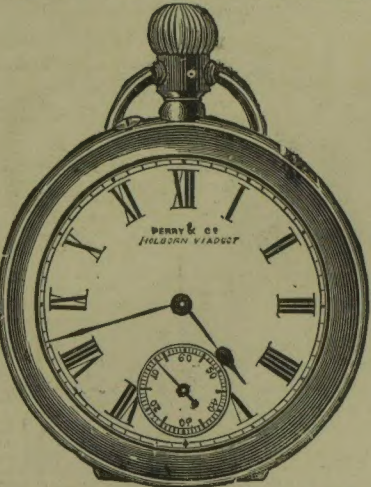
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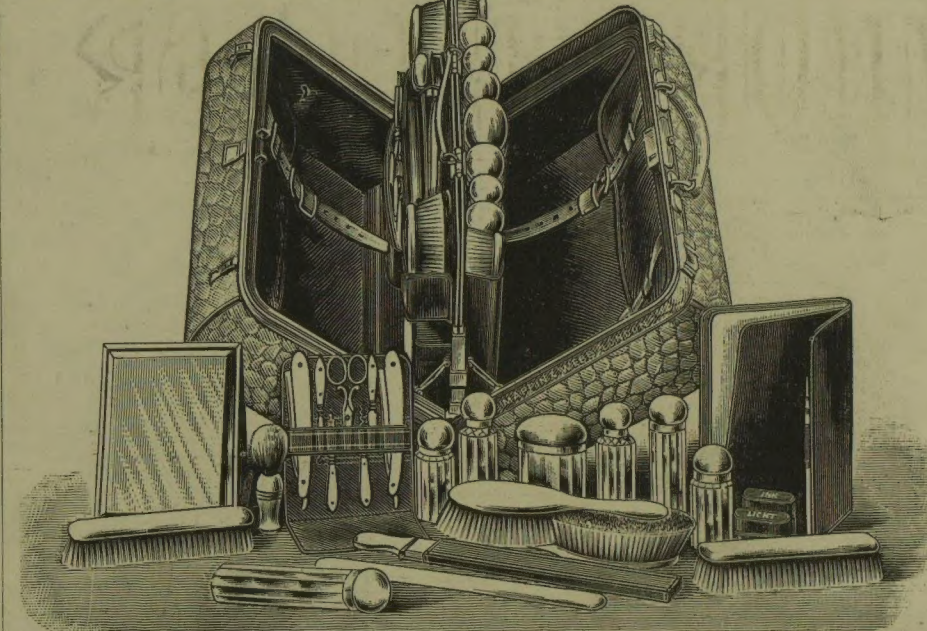


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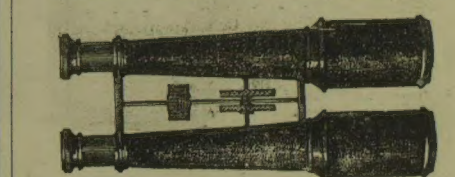
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